

BATMAN
No. 43

OCT... NOV.
TEN CENTS



BATMAN

A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE
featuring
BATMAN
and **ROBIN**
vs.
THE PENGUIN
**IN ANOTHER
CRIME DUEL!**



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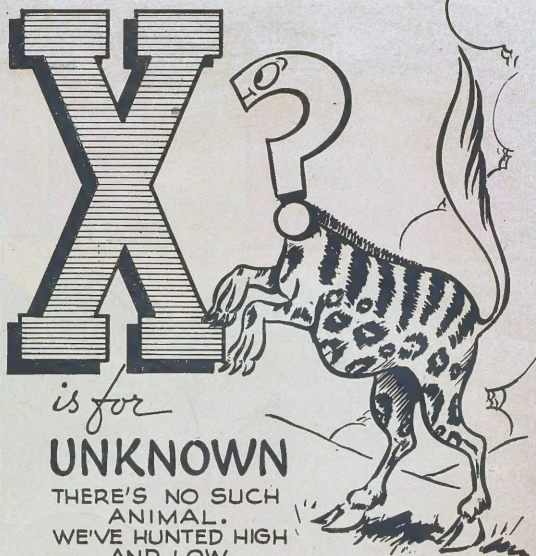
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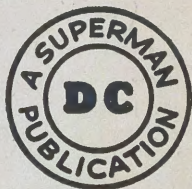
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is for
UNKNOWN

THERE'S NO SUCH ANIMAL.
WE'VE HUNTED HIGH AND LOW,
IN LAND OF APE AND CANNIBAL,
BUT NOWHERE TO BE FOUND
IS X, THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY—
POOR CHAP, HE'LL NEVER
READ THE BOOKS WITH THE SIGN THAT
MEANS "I WANT IT, GEE!"



-ON THE COVER OF
FLASH COMICS
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN ANY COMIC
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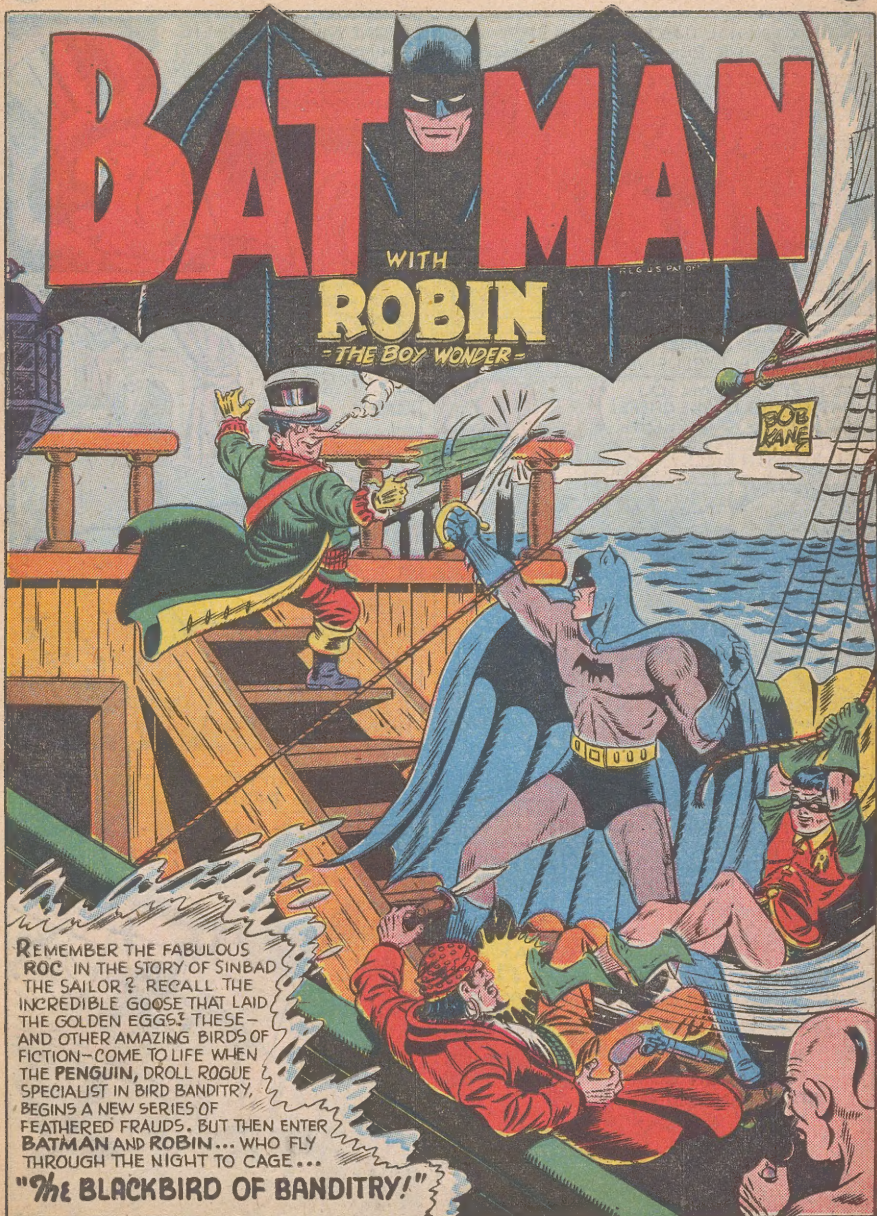


BATMAN



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

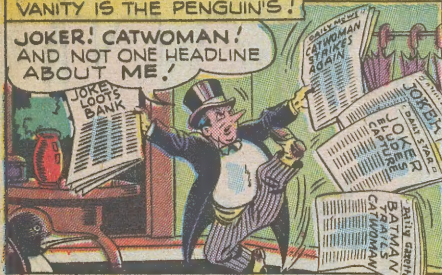


REMEMBER THE FABULOUS
ROC IN THE STORY OF SINBAD
THE SAILOR? RECALL THE
INCREDIBLE GOOSE THAT LAID
THE GOLDEN EGGS? THESE—
AND OTHER AMAZING BIRDS OF
FICTION—COME TO LIFE WHEN
THE PENGUIN, DROLL ROGUE
SPECIALIST IN BIRD BANDITRY,
BEGINS A NEW SERIES OF
FEATHERED FRAUDS. BUT THEN ENTER
BATMAN AND ROBIN... WHO FLY
THROUGH THE NIGHT TO CAGE...

"The BLACKBIRD OF BANDITRY!"

EVERY CRIMINAL HAS HIS WEAK SPOT—AND VANITY IS THE PENGUIN'S!

JOKER! CATWOMAN! AND NOT ONE HEADLINE ABOUT ME!



WHAT WILL MY PUBLIC THINK? EGAD! I MUST REMEDY THAT SITUATION AT ONCE! BUT HOW? HMM-MM! HOW?



HOW? HERE'S HOW—AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF GOTHAM'S EXCLUSIVE CHEFS' CLUB...

WE HEREBY CROWN YOU 1947'S KING OF THE CHEFS! AND HERE IS YOUR PRIZE—A MASTER CHEF'S HAT FILLED WITH BILLS!



AND NOW OUR NEW KING'S FAVORITE DISH—CHICKEN PIE!

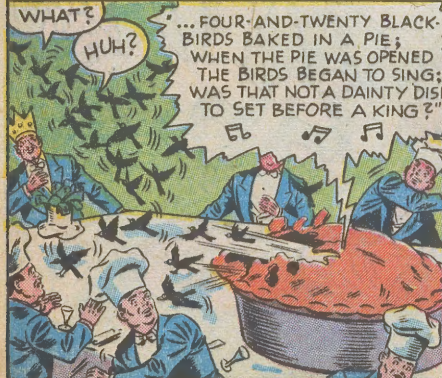


ABRUPTLY—WITHOUT WARNING!

WHAT?

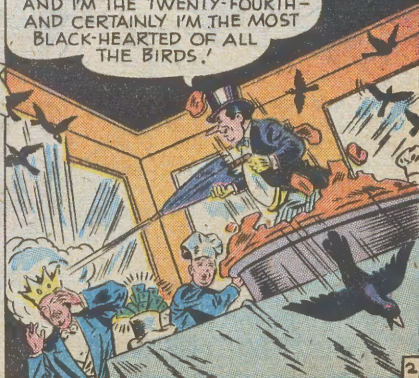
HUH?

...FOUR-AND-TWENTY BLACKBIRDS BAKED IN A PIE; WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED THE BIRDS BEGAN TO SING; WAS THAT NOT A DAINTY DISH TO SET BEFORE A KING?



SUDDENLY—OUT POPS THE PENGUIN WITH ONE OF HIS THOUSAND UMBRELLAS...

TWENTY-THREE BLACKBIRDS—AND I'M THE TWENTY-FOURTH—AND CERTAINLY I'M THE MOST BLACK-HEARTED OF ALL THE BIRDS!





BATMAN



LATER... POLICE ALARMS AND THE BATSIGNAL ALERT BATMAN AND ROBIN TO SWIFT ACTION.

CALLING ALL CARS!
BE ON THE LOOKOUT
FOR THE PENGUIN!
ROBBERY AT CHEFS'
BANQUET...

SHORTLY - POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

WHAT'S UP, COMMISSIONER?
ANY MORE NEWS ON THE
PENGUIN?

AND HOW!
HE JUST
SENT THIS
BOOK FOR YOU
BY MESSENGER!

OUR
BATHERED
FRIENDS
IN
FICTION

TO BATMAN -
TRUTH IS STRANGER
WILL USE FICTIONAL
BIRDS YOU'VE READ
ABOUT IN BOOKS...
AND COMMIT (READ) CRIMES
YOU'LL READ ABOUT
IN THE NEWSPAPERS!
TALLY HO! THE HUNT
IS ON!
DISRESPECTFULLY
YOURS,
The Penguin

LATER... A SCENE IS REPEATED - WITH A
SLIGHT CHANGE!

AH! THAT'S MORE
LIKE IT! HEADLINES
ABOUT ME!

DAILY GLOWWORM
PENGUIN
ROBS KING
OF CHEFS

MEANWHILE...

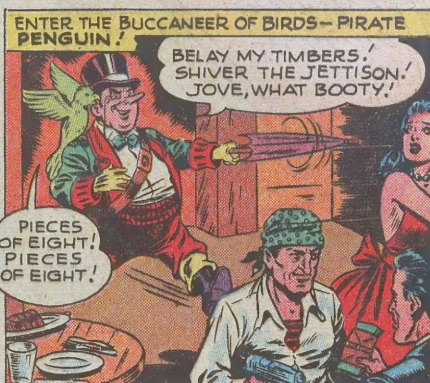
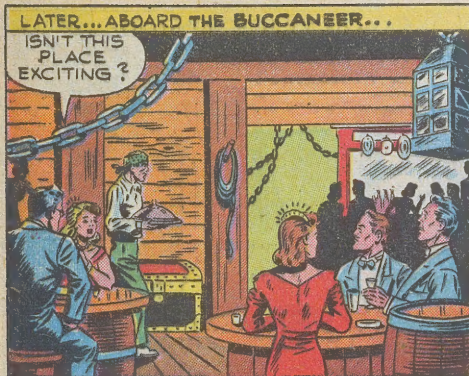
ROBIN, DO YOU
REMEMBER
TREASURE
ISLAND?

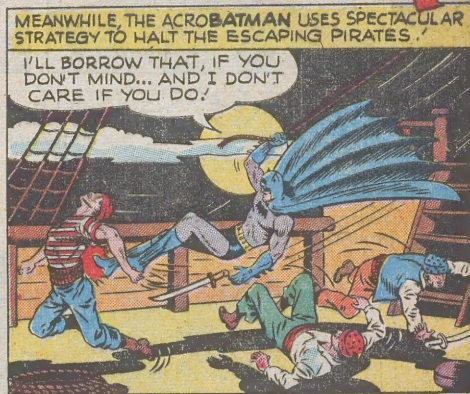
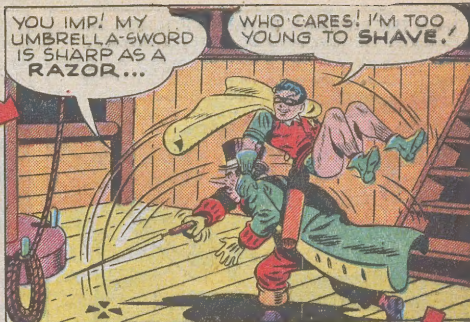
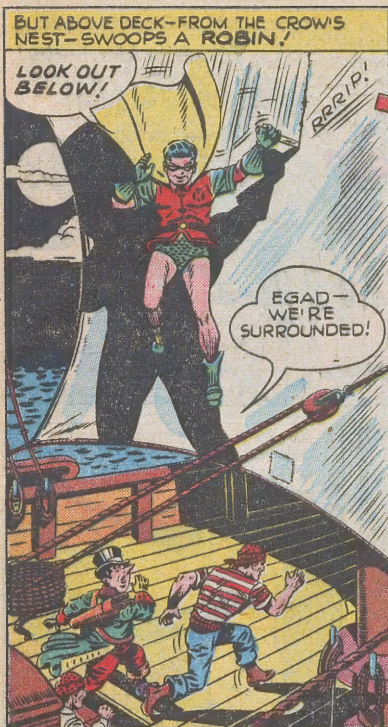
SURE...
EVERYONE'S
READ STEVENSON'S
SWELL BOOK!
WHY?

REMEMBER THE NAME
OF LONG JOHN SILVER'S
PARROT IN THE BOOK?

GOLLY!
IT WAS
CAPTAIN
FLINT!

ADVERTISEMENT
DINE ON CAPTAIN FLINT'S
BUCANEER!
YOU'LL GET A TASTE TRILL
AMID THE ATMOSPHERE OF
A PIRATE SHIP! IT'S AT
COME ABOARD!

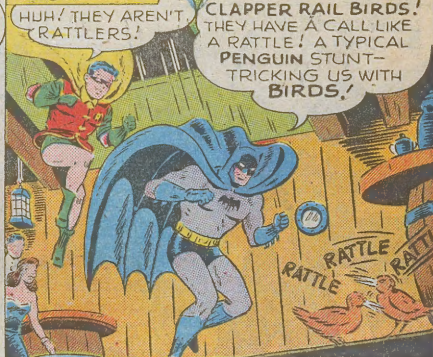




THEN THE RASCALLY PENGUIN PITCHES THE BASKET BELOW AND SCUTTLES AWAY!

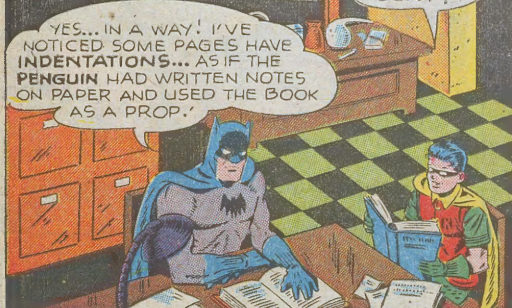


BUT A SURPRISE AWAITS THE WOULD-BE RESCUERS..



LATER...IN BATMAN'S SECRET LABORATORY...

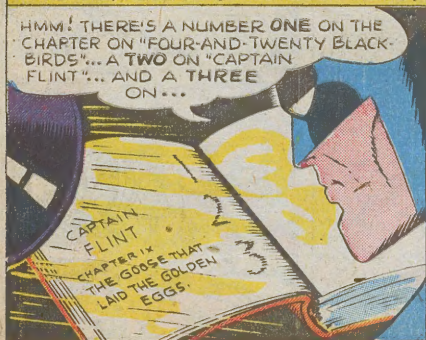
DOING BRAILLE READING ON THAT BOOK THE PENGUIN SENT?



TURN OFF THE CEILING LIGHT, ROBIN... I'LL SEE IF THE PAGES REVEAL "PRESSURE PICTURES!"



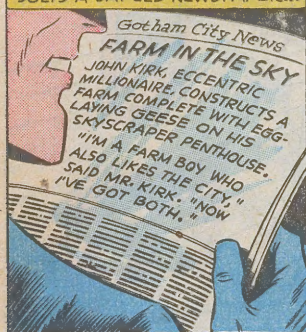
WITH A STRONG SIDE-LIGHT SHINING ALMOST PARALLEL TO THE BOOK, PENCIL INDENTATIONS STAND OUT, REVEALING TELLTALE SHADOWS!



... "THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGGS!"

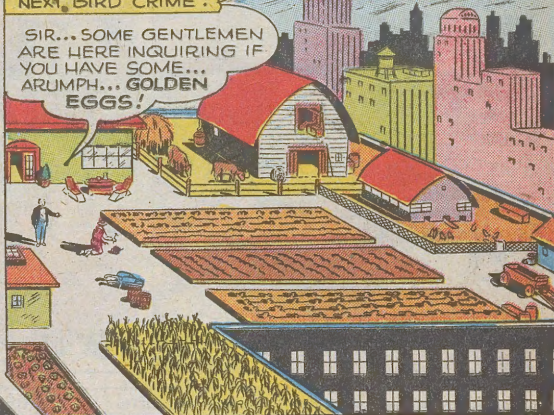


THE WORDS RING A BELL IN BATMAN'S MIND AS HE CONSULTS A DAY-OLD NEWSPAPER...



AND HERE IS THE FANTASTIC LOCATION OF THE PENGUIN'S NEXT BIRD CRIME!

SIR... SOME GENTLEMEN ARE HERE INQUIRING IF YOU HAVE SOME... ARUMPH... GOLDEN EGGS!



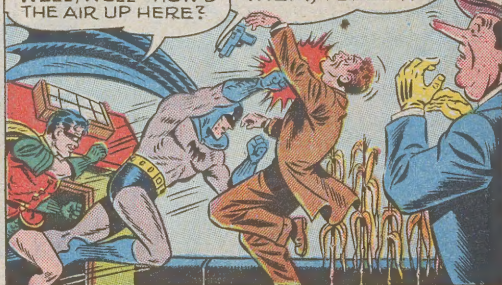
YOU MAY NOT HAVE GOLDEN EGGS, BUT YOU MUST HAVE A "NEST-EGG" OF GREEN BILLS IN YOUR WALL SAFE!



SUDDENLY, A SERVICE ELEVATOR DOOR BANGS OPEN AND—

WELL, WELL—HOW'S THE AIR UP HERE?

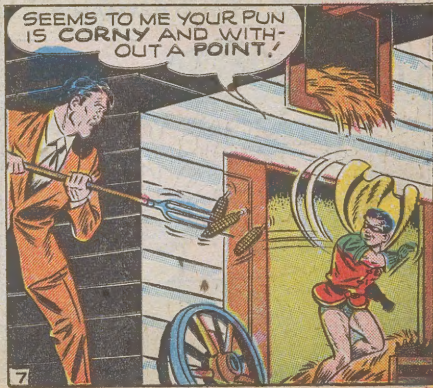
TOO STRONG FOR THEM, I'LL BET!

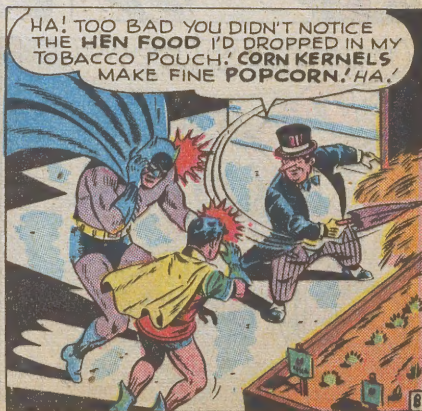
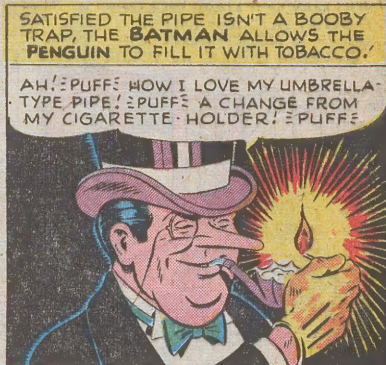
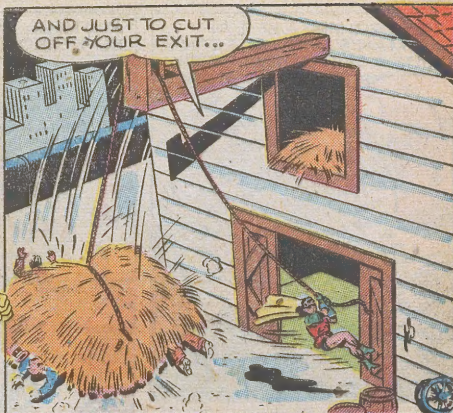


DIS PITCHFORK WILL PITCH YOU RIGHT OFF DIS ROOF!



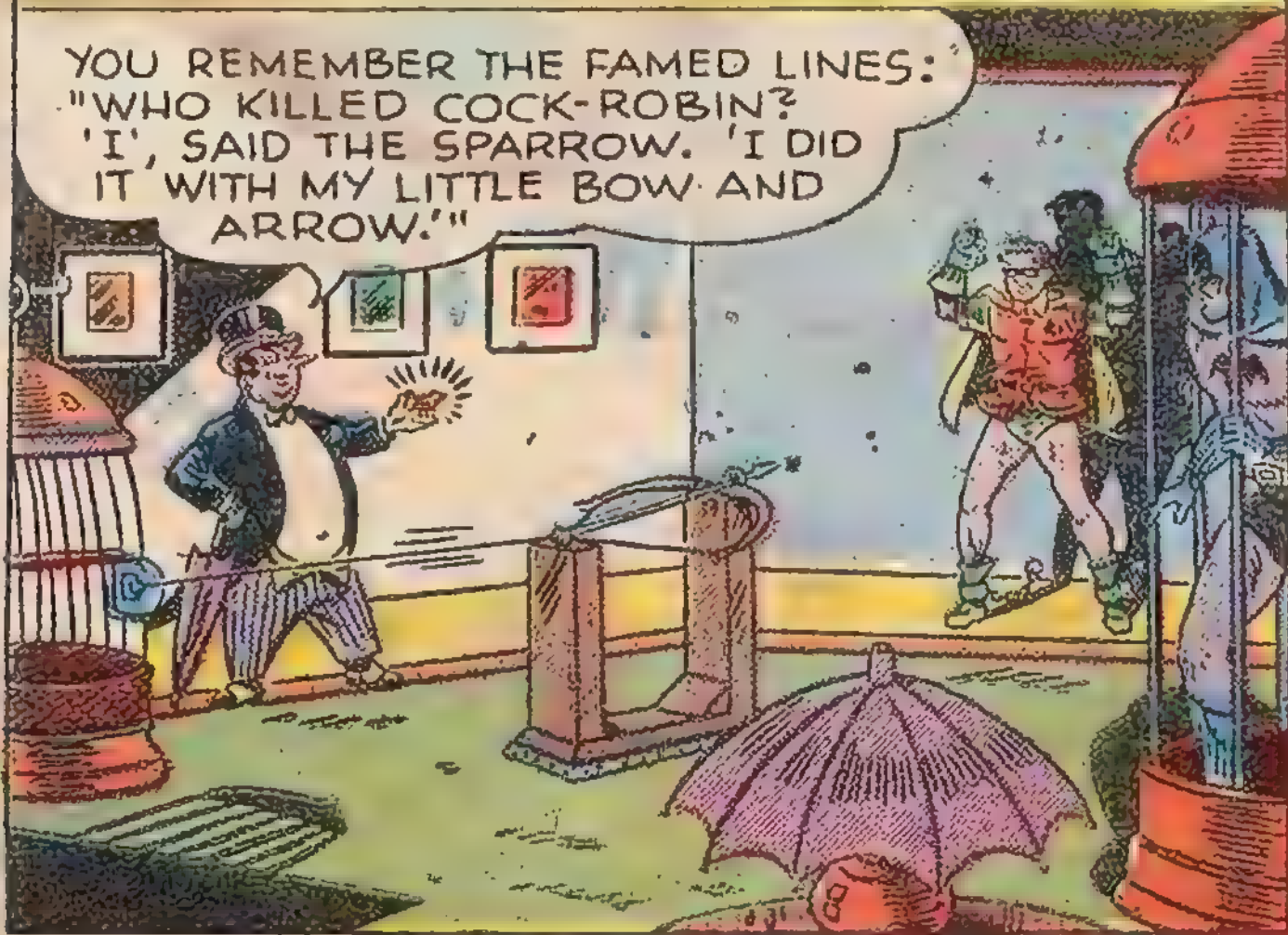
SEEMS TO ME YOUR PUN IS CORNY AND WITHOUT A POINT!



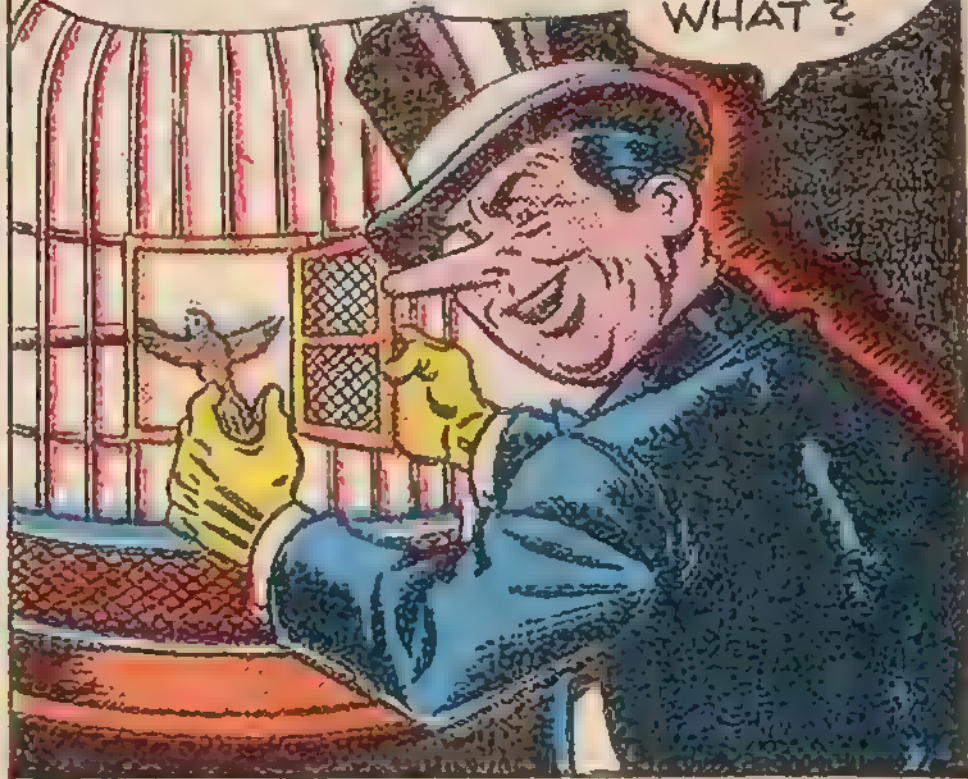


LATER... THE DUO AWAKENS IN THE PENGUIN'S NEST!

YOU REMEMBER THE FAMED LINES:
"WHO KILLED COCK-ROBIN?
'I', SAID THE SPARROW. 'I DID
IT' WITH MY LITTLE BOW AND
ARROW."

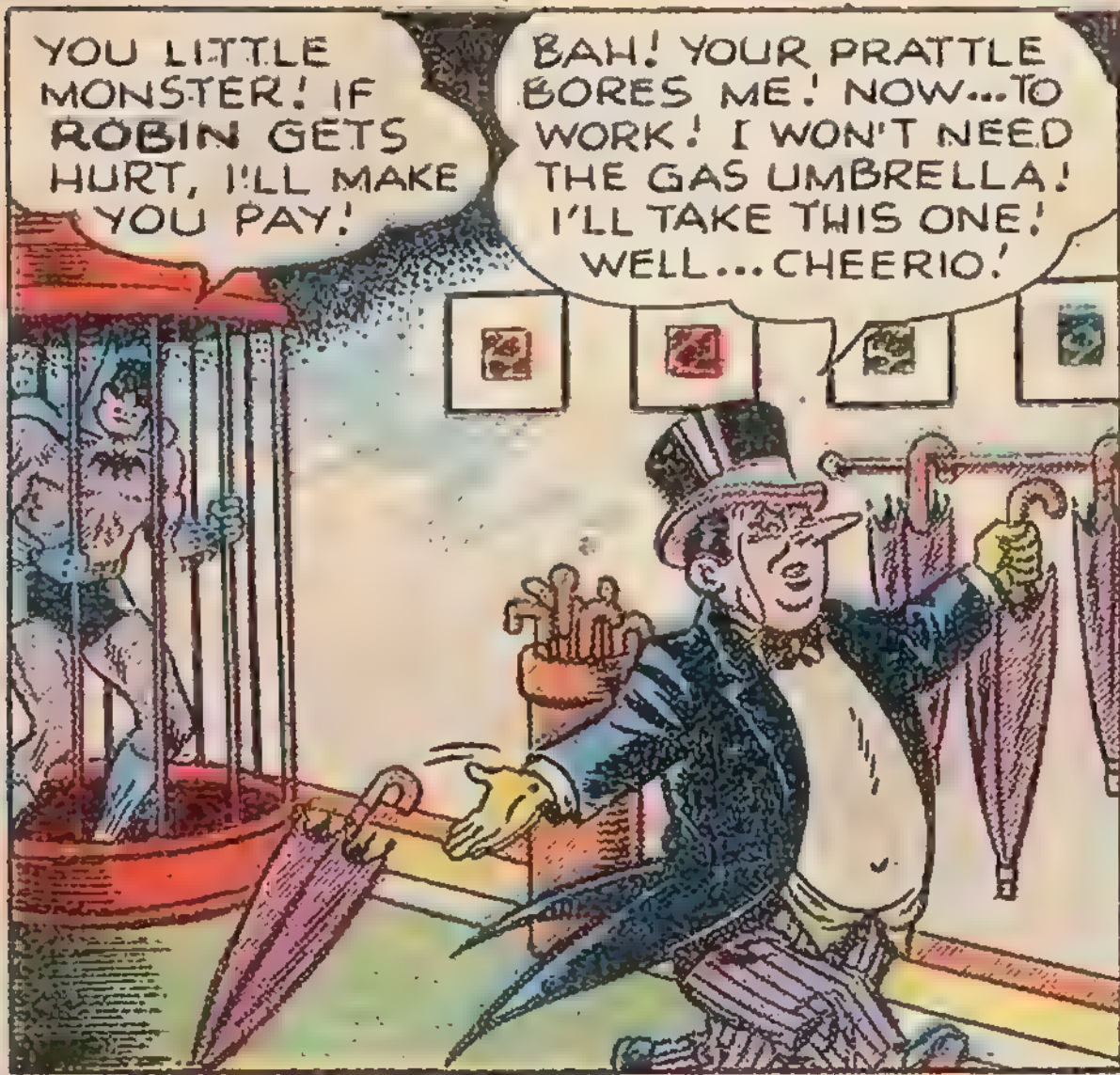


HERE'S MY SPARROW! WHILE IT
PECKS AT ITS FOOD, IT WILL UNWIT-
TINGLY PRESS A TRIGGER THAT
WILL RELEASE THE BOW-LINE-
AND A ROBIN WILL BE KILLED
BY A SPARROW! CLEVER,
WHAT?



YOU LITTLE
MONSTER! IF
ROBIN GETS
HURT, I'LL MAKE
YOU PAY!

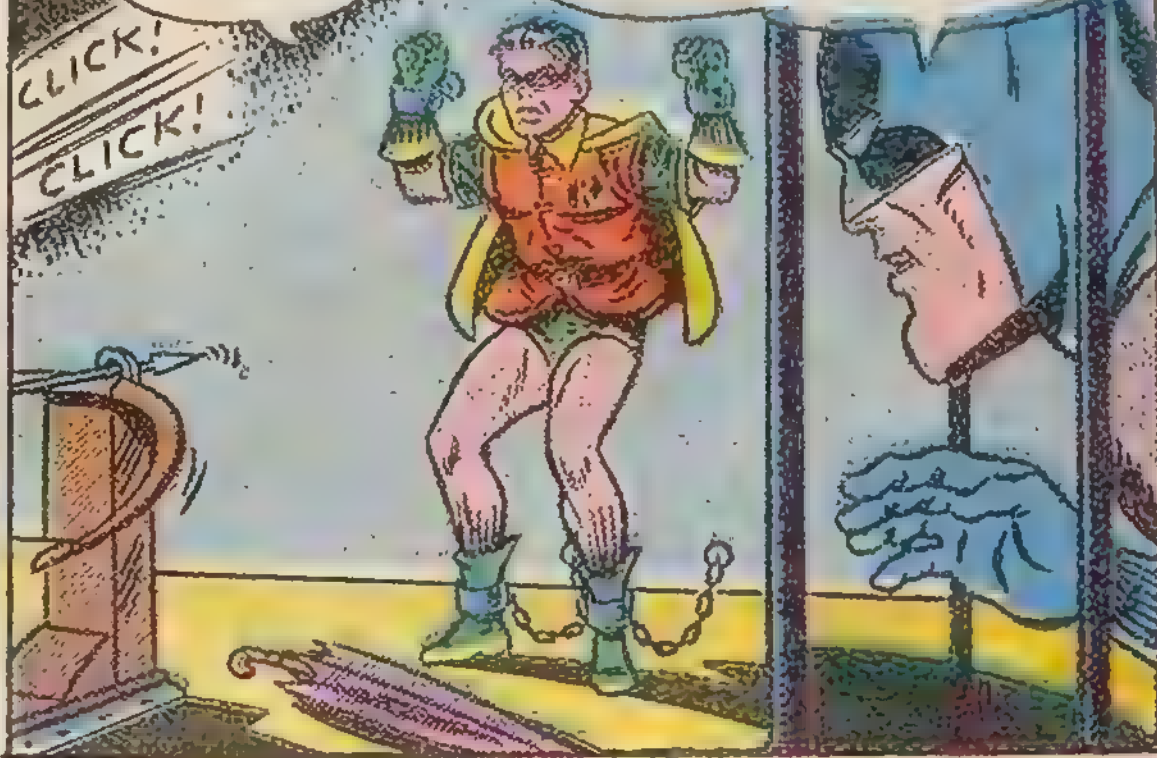
BAH! YOUR PRATTLE
BORES ME! NOW...TO
WORK! I WON'T NEED
THE GAS UMBRELLA!
I'LL TAKE THIS ONE!
WELL...CHEERIO!



THE DOOR CLOSSES! IN THE SILENCE, THE ONE
SOUND IS THE PECKING OF THE SPARROW'S
BUSY BEAK! IT IS THE SOUND OF DOOM!

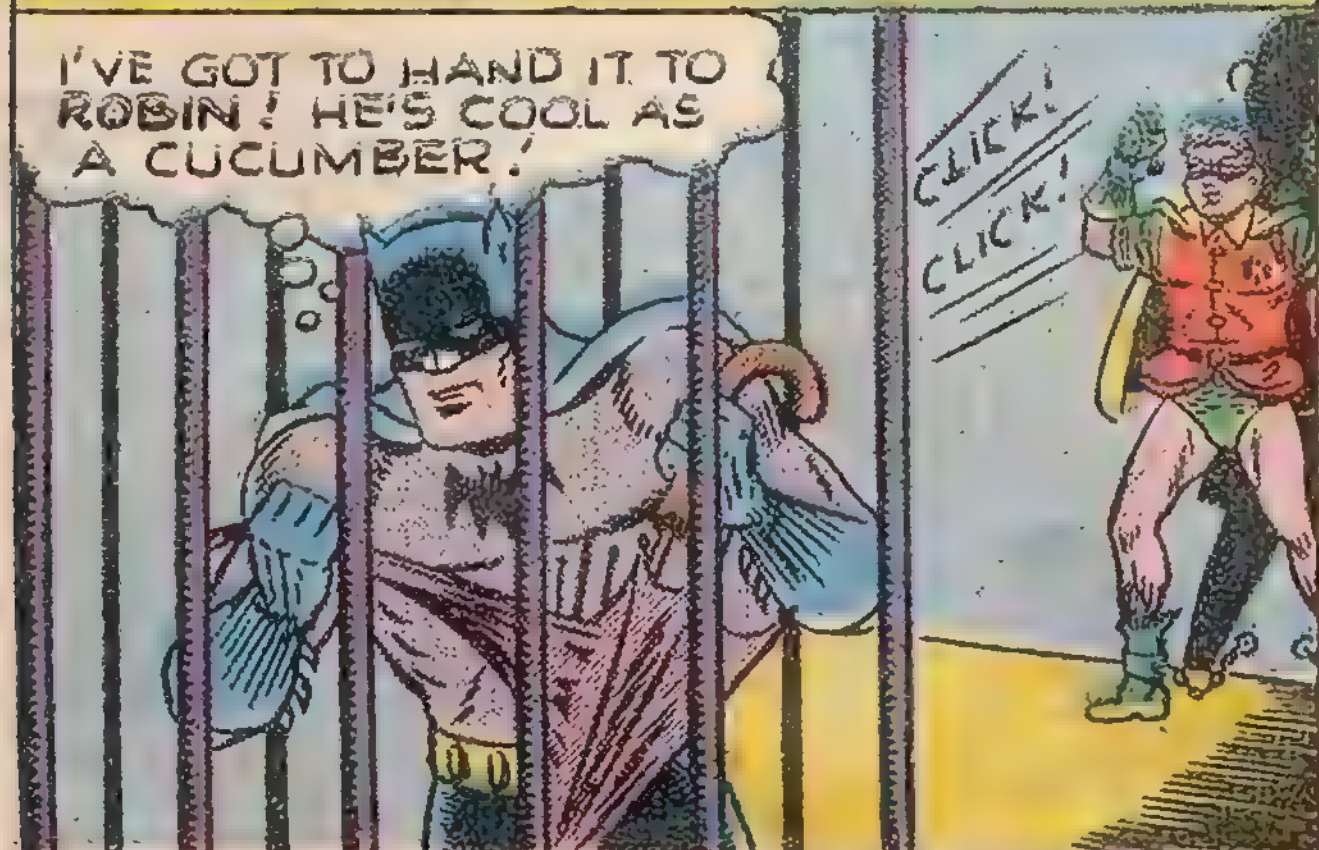
BATMAN...I..I
CAN'T GET FREE!
I CAN'T GET
FREE!

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD,
ROBIN! LISTEN... SEE IF
YOU CAN KICK OVER
THAT UMBRELLA!



A SWIPE OF ROBIN'S FOOT, AND THE UMBRELLA
SLITHERS TOWARD BATMAN'S CAGE.

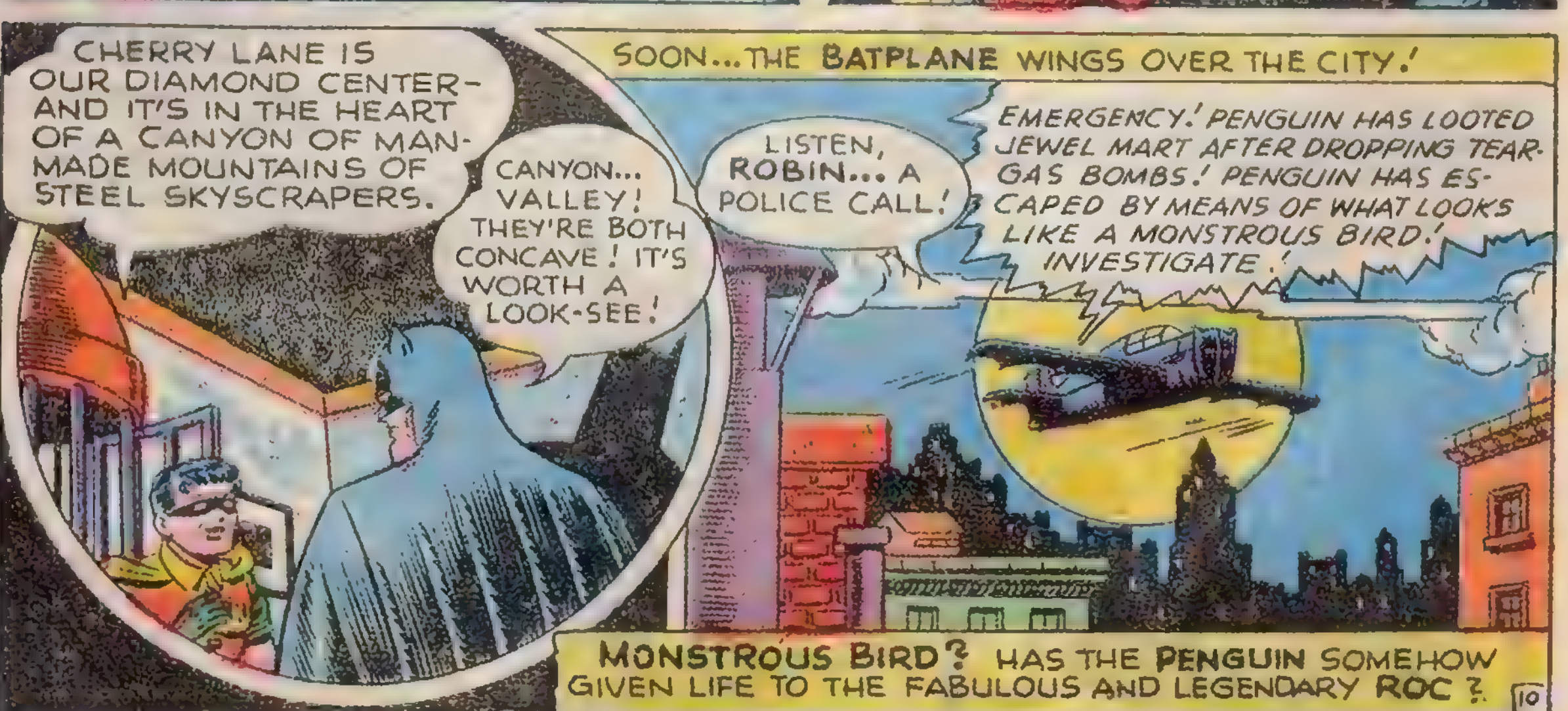
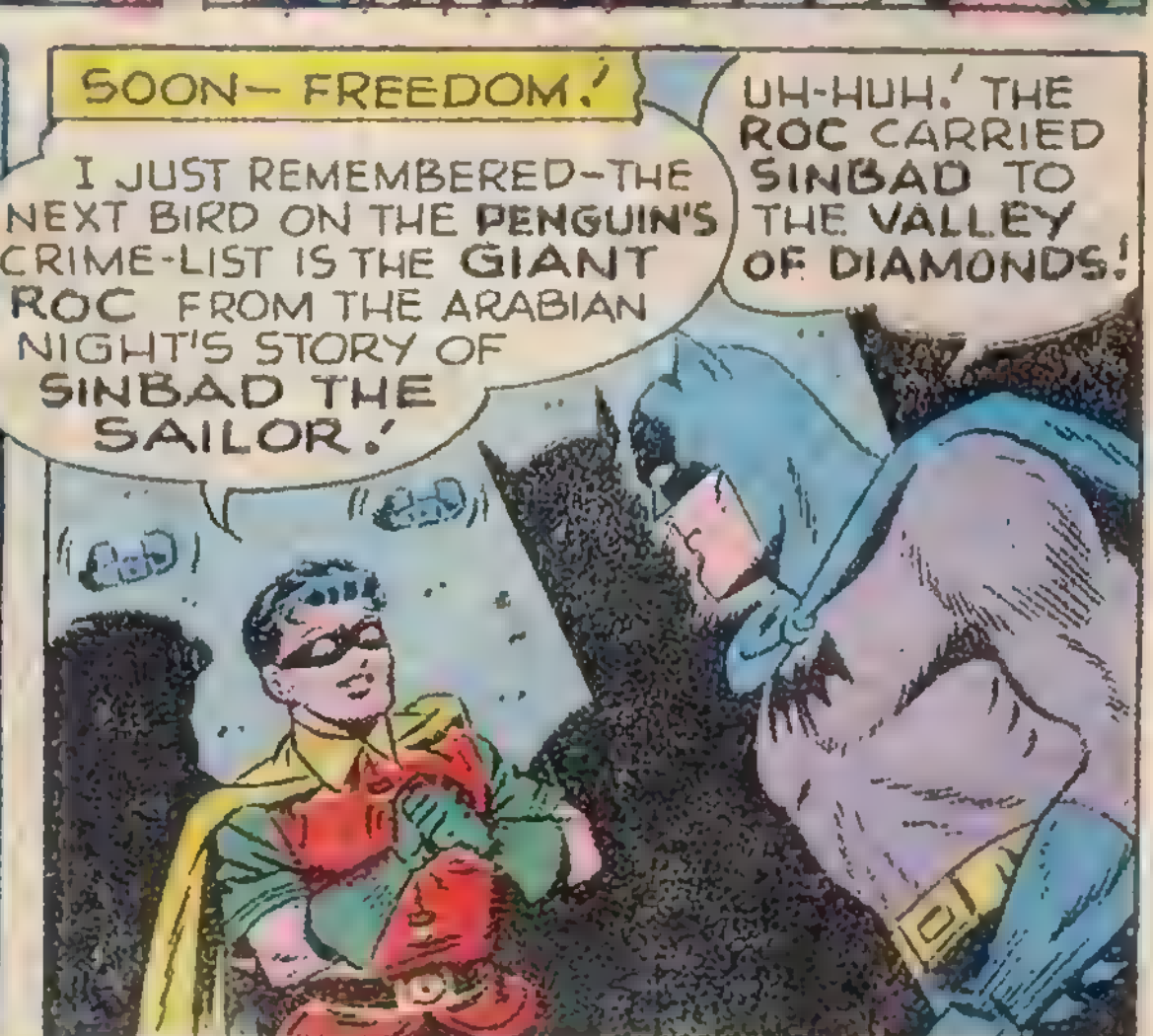
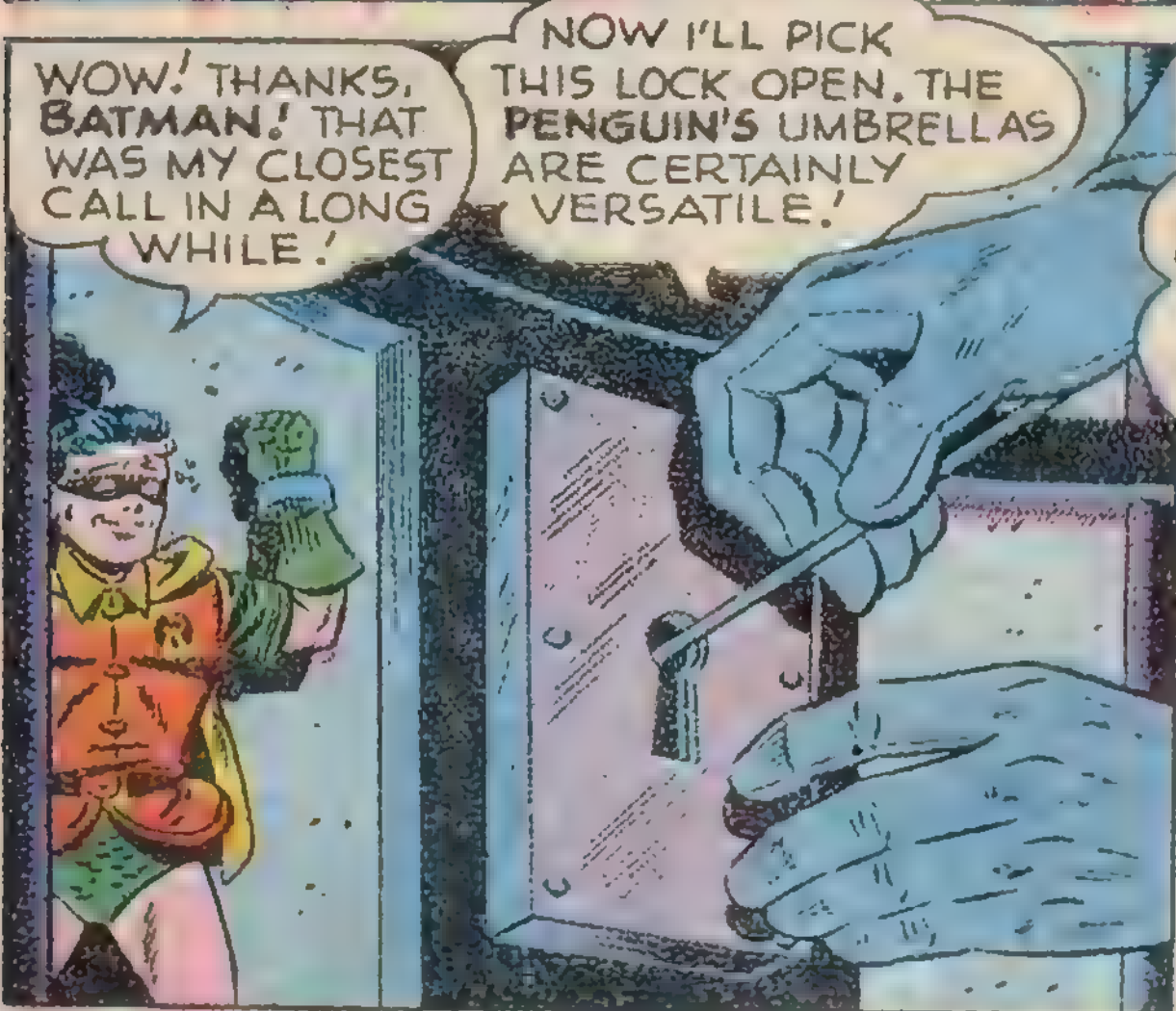
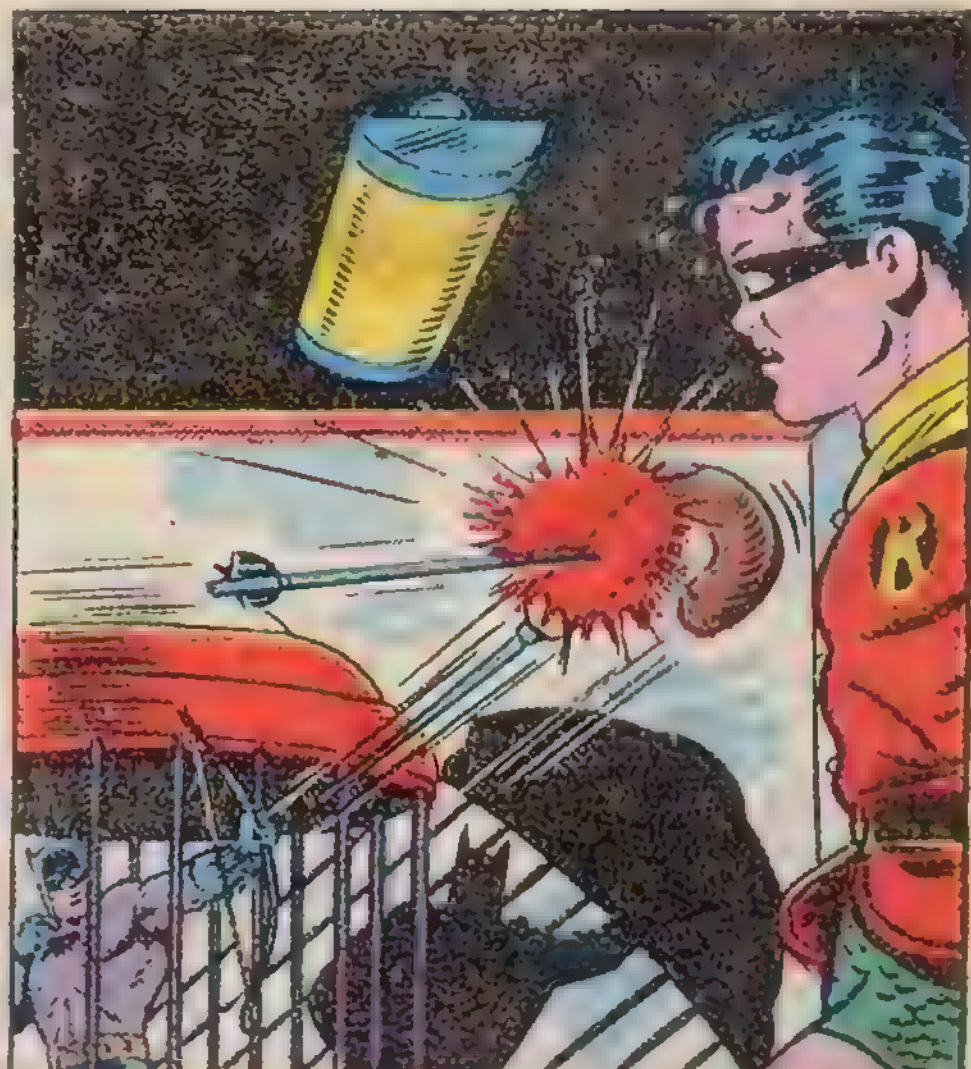
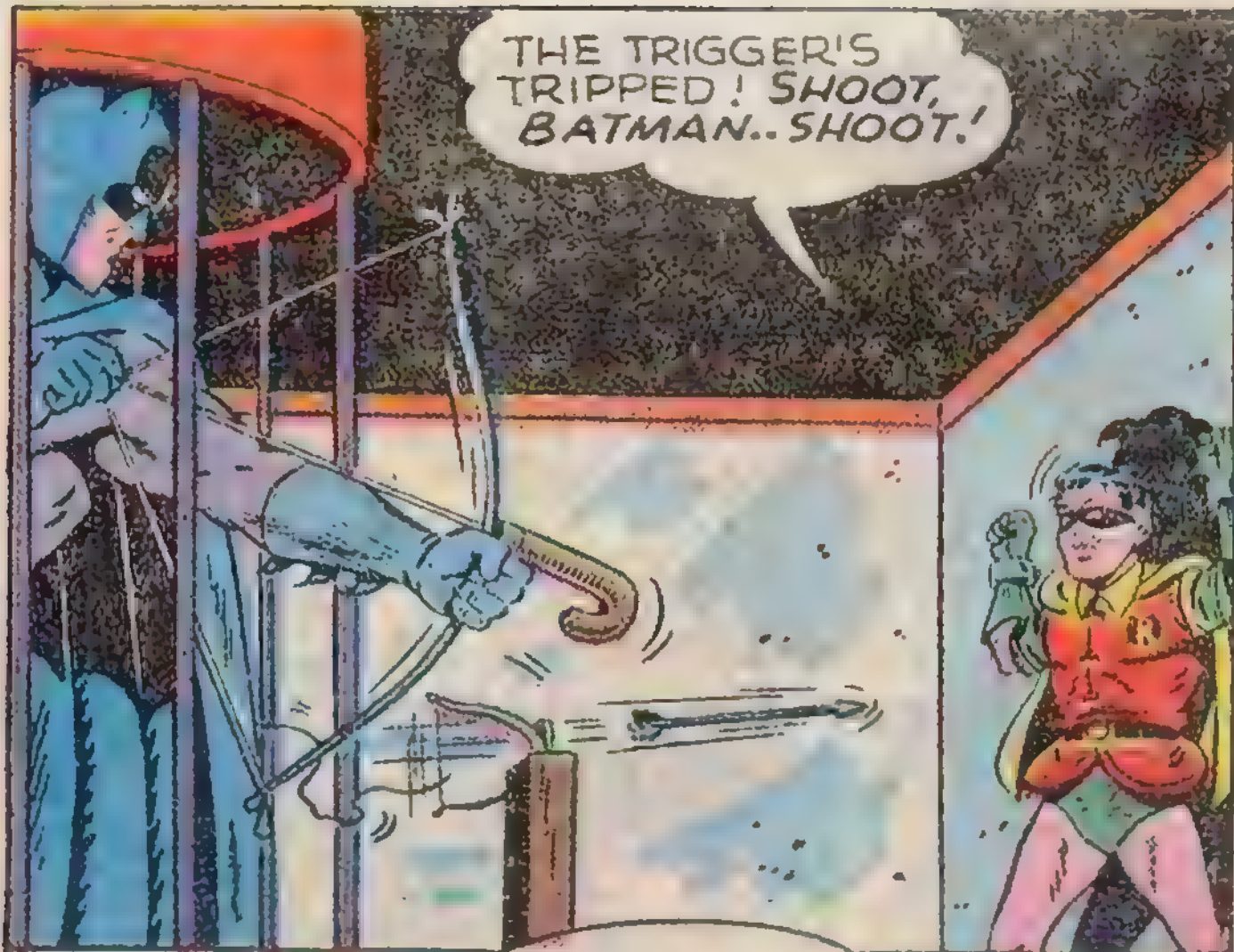
I'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO
ROBIN! HE'S COOL AS
A CUCUMBER!



TEARING OFF A THIN STRIP OF
UMBRELLA SILK, BATMAN HASTILY
TIES IT TO THE ENDS OF A STEEL RIB!

ONLY SECONDS
TO GO...





NOW I'LL PICK THIS LOCK OPEN, THE PENGUIN'S UMBRELLAS ARE CERTAINLY VERSATILE!

SOON- FREEDOM!

I JUST REMEMBERED- THE NEXT BIRD ON THE PENGUIN'S CRIME-LIST IS THE GIANT ROC FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHT'S STORY OF SINBAD THE SAILOR!

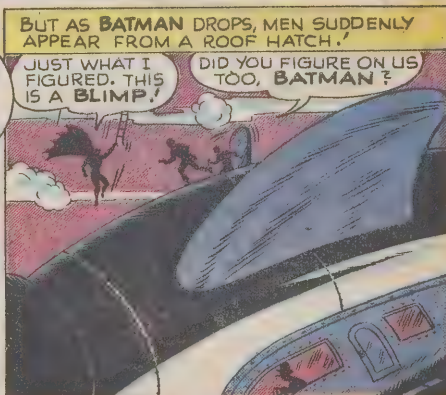
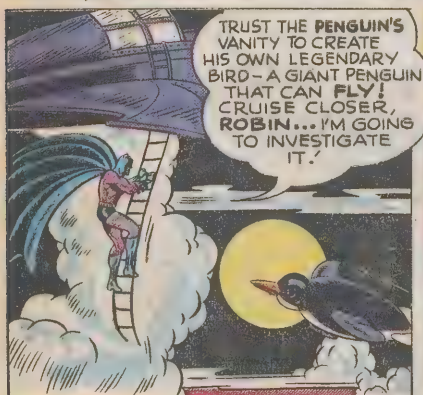
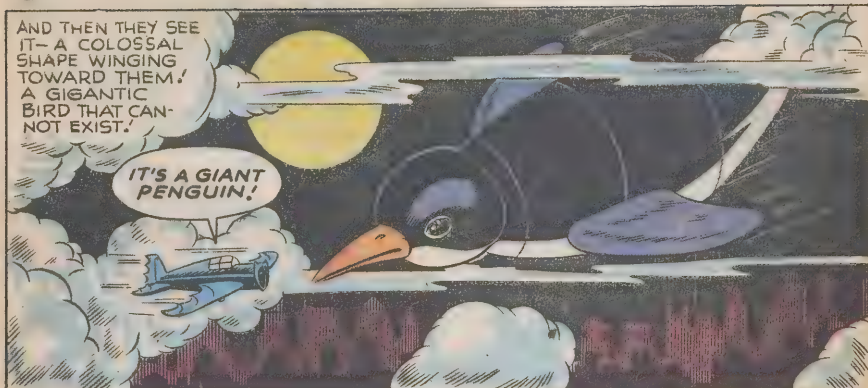
UH-HUH! THE ROC CARRIED SINBAD TO THE VALLEY OF DIAMONDS!

SOON...THE BATPLANE WINGS OVER THE CITY!

LISTEN, ROBIN... A POLICE CALL!

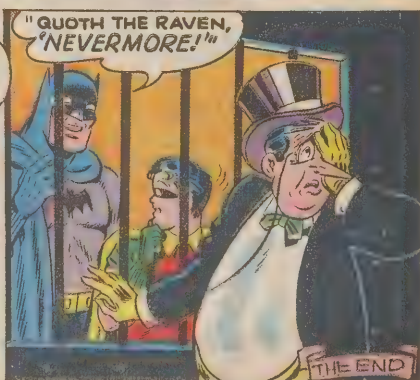
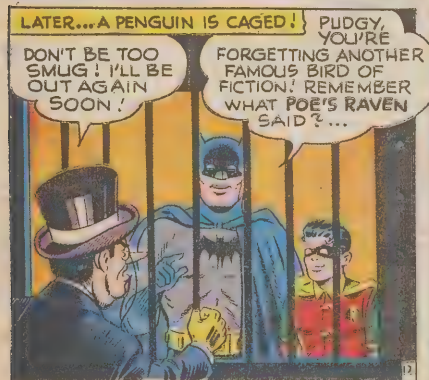
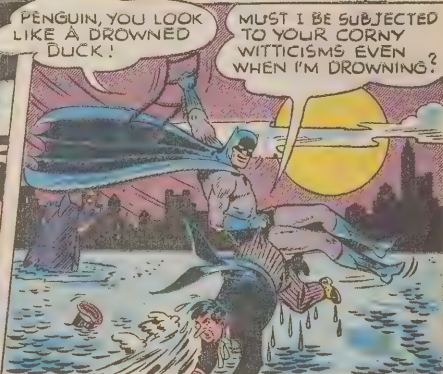
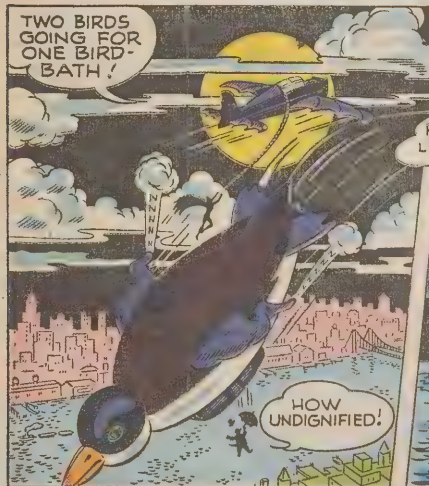
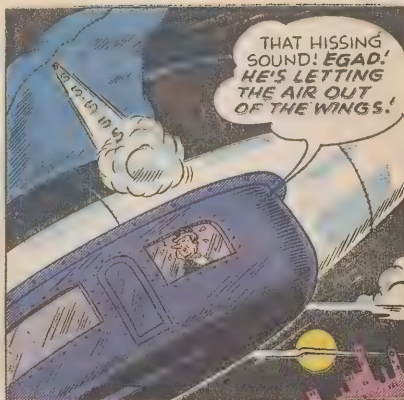
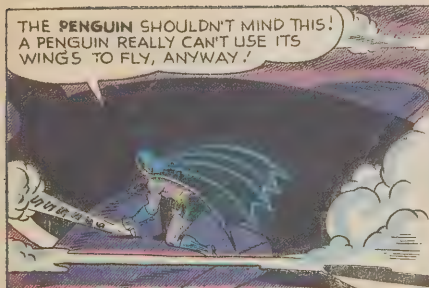
EMERGENCY! PENGUIN HAS LOOTED JEWEL MART AFTER DROPPING TEAR-GAS BOMBS! PENGUIN HAS ESCAPED BY MEANS OF WHAT LOOKS LIKE A MONSTROUS BIRD! INVESTIGATE!

MONSTROUS BIRD? HAS THE PENGUIN SOMEHOW GIVEN LIFE TO THE FABULOUS AND LEGENDARY ROC?





BATMAN



MORE PERIL-PACKED ADVENTURE WITH
BATMAN and ROBIN IN EACH ISSUE of

DETECTIVE and WORLD'S FINEST!
COMICS COMICS

Harry BRECHEEN

CHAMPION
PITCHER OF
THE WORLD'S
CHAMPION
ST. LOUIS
CARDINALS

THE
SECRET OF MY
SUCCESS?

WELL
NOW...

HERO OF THE
1946 WORLD'S SERIES,
BRECHEEN IS THE ONLY LEFT
HANDED PITCHER TO EVER
WIN 3 SERIES GAMES

I HAVEN'T HAD
MUCH REST...
BUT I'VE
HAD A LOT OF
WHEATIES!

BRECHEEN SOUTHPAWED
COMPLETE GAMES TO EVEN
THE SERIES STRUGGLE TWICE. THEN
HARRY "THE CAT" SCRATCHED BOSTON'S
PENNANT HOPES WITH A MASTERFUL RE-
LIEF JOB IN THE DECISIVE SEVENTH GAME

"I'M LEFT HANDED,"
SAYS HARRY BRECHEEN.
"BUT I SURE KNOW A RIGHT
THING. I KNOW THE RIGHT
KIND OF BREAKFAST IS
ONE THAT INCLUDES LOTS
OF WHEATIES, WITH MILK
AND FRUIT. YOU SHOULD SEE
ME PITCH INTO A BIG BOWL
OF WHEATIES, 'BREAK-
FAST OF CHAMPIONS'"

NOW
I'M PITCHING
RIGHT

WHEATIES

BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

"THE CASE OF THE BOX CAR BANDIT"

The Adventures of DANIEL HAMMETT'S SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

SAM SPADE, ACE DETECTIVE... AND HIS SECRETARY EFFIE... ARE HEADED FOR AN ERRAND AT THE COUNTY SEAT WHEN A SPEEDY FREIGHT WHIZZES BY.

SAM-- THEY'LL BE KILLED!

HOLY SMOKES-- AND ONE'S JUST A KID, QUICK DRIVE ALONG-- SIDE THAT TRAIN!

OH, SAM-- BE CAREFUL!

GIMME THAT DOUGH, KID!

AS EFFIE SPEEDS AHEAD TO STOP THE TRAIN-- SAM GOES TO WORK.

HOW'D YOU GET MIXED UP WITH THAT GUY, SON? HE'S A KILLER!

AW! MY GAL TURNED ME DOWN SO I HOPPED THE FIRST FREIGHT.

LISTEN PAL, AFTER WE JAIL THIS GUY, LET'S HAVE A SON, AND TALK ABOUT THIS GIRL PROBLEM.

SEE THAT WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC---THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED. FIX THAT HAIR AND YOUR GIRL WILL SEE HOW HANDSOME YOU REALLY ARE.

YEAH!

USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

TRY THE F-N TEST! THE FINGER NAIL TEST! SEE? IT TELLS YOU WHEN YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL TO GROOM YOUR HAIR, RELIEVE DRYNESS AND REMOVE LOOSE DANDRUFF. BETTER GET A BOTTLE RIGHT NOW AND USE IT EVERY DAY.

WELL, SO LONG, SONNY! USE THAT "CREAM-OIL" REGULARLY AND YOUR GAL WILL STICK TO YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT! SAM USES IT EVERY DAY-- AND HE'S STUCK WITH ME!

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC

GROOMS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

WILDROOT CO. INC.

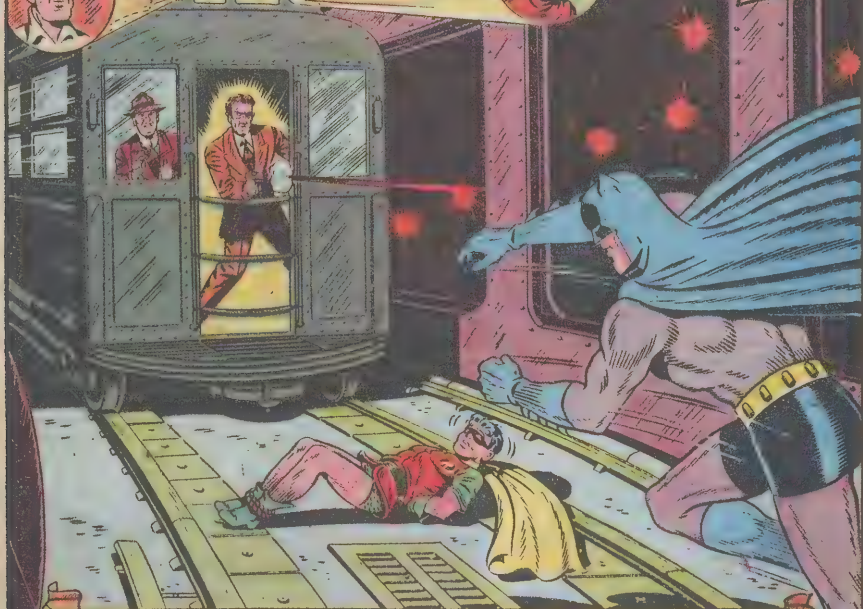
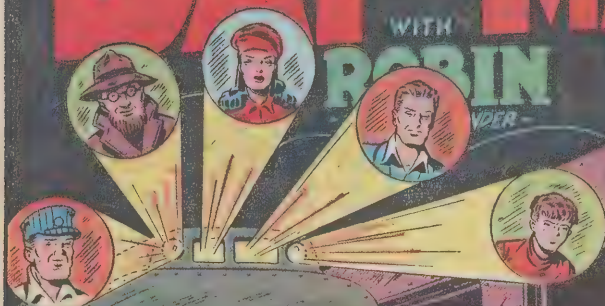


BATMAN



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN



HEAR THAT THUNDER UNDERGROUND? THAT'S THE GOTHAM SUBWAY, WHERE TRAINS ROAR LIKE ANGRY DRAGONS, BACK AND FORTH THROUGH INKY BLACK CAVERNS... WHERE STRANGERS, GOOD AND BAD, MEET BRIEFLY... WHERE TENSE DRAMA MAY BLAZE UP AT ANY MOMENT! TONIGHT MURDERERS RIDE THE SUBWAY... AND, HUNTING THEM, BATMAN AND ROBIN BECAME INVOLVED IN THE PROBLEMS OF PANICKED PASSENGERS, BROUGHT TOGETHER BY FATE, ABOARD A TRAIN HEADED FOR...

"NEXT STOP - DANGER!"



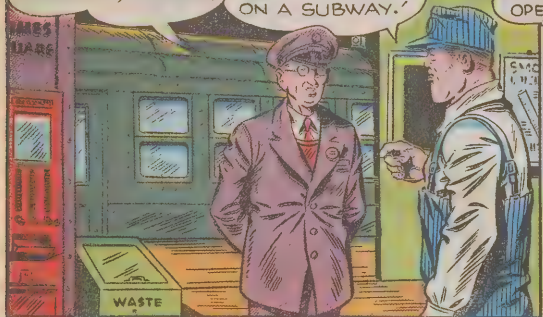
BATMAN



SUBWAY MOTORMAN GEORGE MARTIN IS TIRED OF HIS JOB...

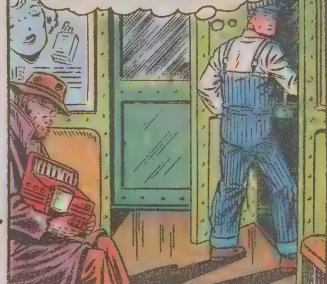
BUT WHY ARE YOU QUITTING YOUR JOB, GEORGE?

BECAUSE IT'S SO DULL! NOTHING EVER HAPPENS ON A SUBWAY.



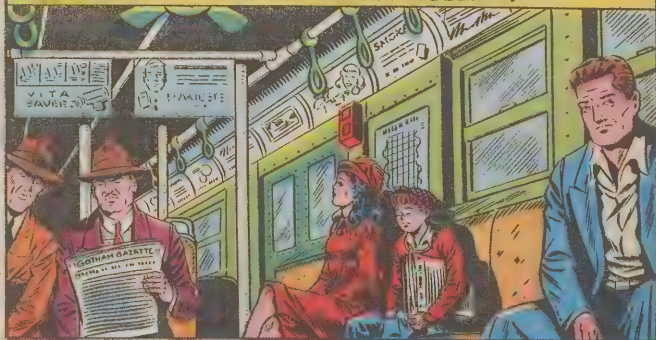
SO, AT 3 A.M., GEORGE BEGINS HIS FINAL RUN BENEATH GOTHAM CITY...

THERE'S THE POOR OLD BLINKERS STILL TRYING TO BEG MONEY FOR AN EYE OPERATION! THE SAME OLD THING, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT...



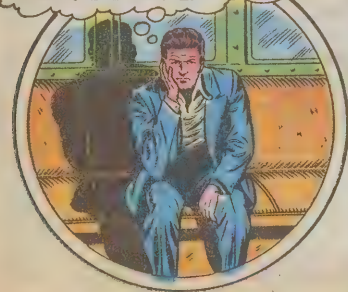
YES, IN 20 YEARS NOTHING EXCITING HAS HAPPENED TO GEORGE IN HIS SUBWAY... BUT WHERE THERE ARE PEOPLE, THERE IS DRAMA. AND SOONER OR LATER THE DRAMA BREAKS FORTH - EVEN IN THE SUBWAY!

TAKE THESE FIVE PEOPLE WHO ENTER AT GEORGE'S FIRST STOP... WHO ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEIR PROBLEMS?



TAKE ARTHUR WILDE... WHY IS HE SO WORRIED?

SOON BE DAYLIGHT... I'M TIRED... AND NO BETTER OFF THAN WHEN I STARTED.



EARLIER, WILDE TALKED OVER HIS PROBLEM WITH A THEATRICAL AGENT...

IF I DON'T GET AN IDEA BY MORNING, SAM WILL HIRE SOMEONE ELSE TO WRITE HIS NEW PLAY!

YOU'RE IN A RUT, ART! GO RIDE THE SUBWAY ALL NIGHT! NEW FACES... A CHANGE... THAT'LL INSPIRE YOU!



NOW TAKE GLENDA WEBSTER, RICHLY DRESSED... BEAUTIFUL... WHAT'S HER STORY?



I DID MY BEST—AND IT WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH! I'M HAVING TO TRY...

GLENDA CAME TO GOTHAM CITY A MONTH AGO, FROM A SMALL TOWN...

JACKIE YOUNG IS 12 YEARS OLD AND MIGHTY SCARED...



MAYBE THE POLICE ARE AFTER ME? BUT I CAN'T GO HOME NOW!

WHY NOT?

SO JACKIE HAS A TOUGH PROBLEM TO SOLVE!

WHAT'LL I DO? POP IS SICK! AND THAT WAS ALL THE MONEY WE HAD! I'VE GOT TO MAKE SOME MONEY.



AND, TONIGHT, RETURNING TO HER SHABBY ROOM AFTER A DAY OF JOB-HUNTING...



I CAN'T PAY MY RENT UNTIL I GET A JOB...

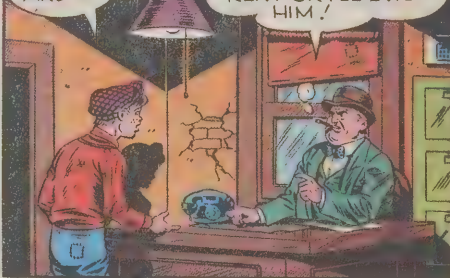
YOU'LL PAY NOW—OR OUT YOU GO!

SO, HOMELESS AND BROKE, GLENDA IS RIDING THE SUBWAY ALL NIGHT...

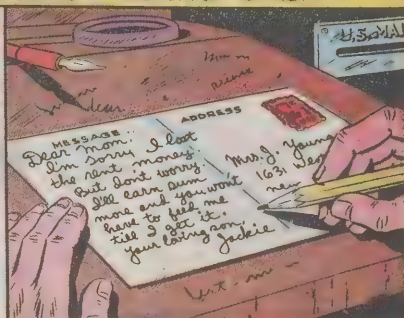
YESTERDAY, HIS SICK FATHER SENT HIM TO PAY THE RENT...

BUT I LOST THE RENT MONEY, AND—

A LIKELY STORY! TELL YOUR DAD TO PAY THE RENT OR I'LL EVICT HIM!



HE SPENDS HIS LAST QUARTER FOR NEWSPAPERS, AND SENDS A POSTCARD TO MOM...

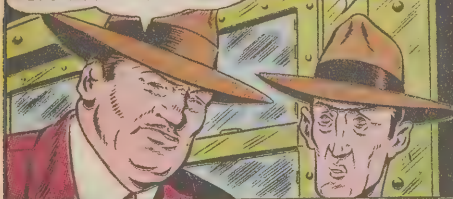


THEN HE BOARDS THE SUBWAY TO SELL HIS PAPERS...

RACKETEERS JIM BRADY AND AL RORICK ARE THE OTHER PASSENGERS...

OKAY SO FAR, AL—BUT WHEN DIS TRAIN STOPS AT DA NEXT STATION, DA COPS MAY BE WAITING.

IT WON'T STOP, JIM! HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO...



AN HOUR AGO, JIM AND AL PULLED A JOB, AND...

BATMAN! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!

WANTED
MURDERER
BANK ROBBER
\$5,000 REWARD

MAYBE! BUT—



SO LONG, BAT-YIII!

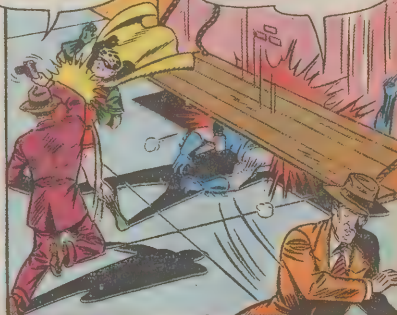
—MAYBE NOT! THANKS, ROBIN!



BUT JIM ISN'T THROUGH!

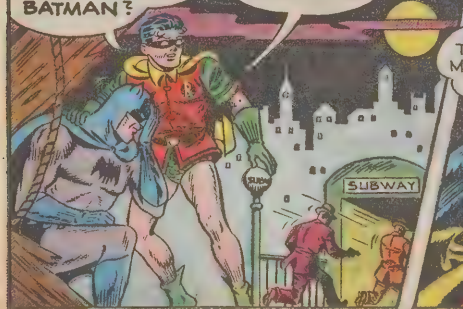
THAT'S FOR YOU, SQUIRT!

THAT'LL HOLD 'EM! LET'S GO, JIM!



THEY'RE RUNNING TO THE SUBWAY! ARE YOU ABLE TO GO AFTER THEM, BATMAN?

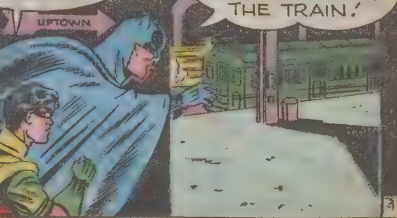
WHY NOT? MY HEAD'S SWIMMING, BUT MY LEGS AND FISTS ARE OKAY!

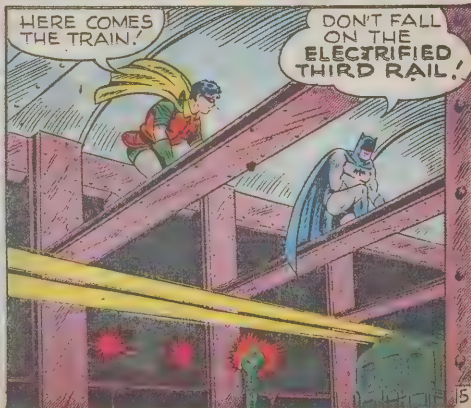
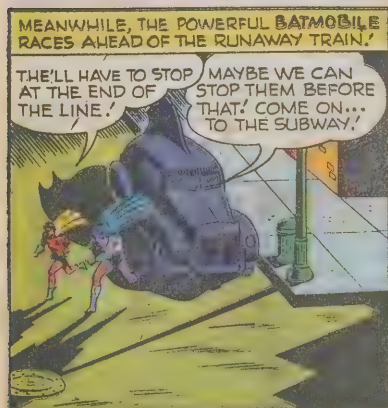
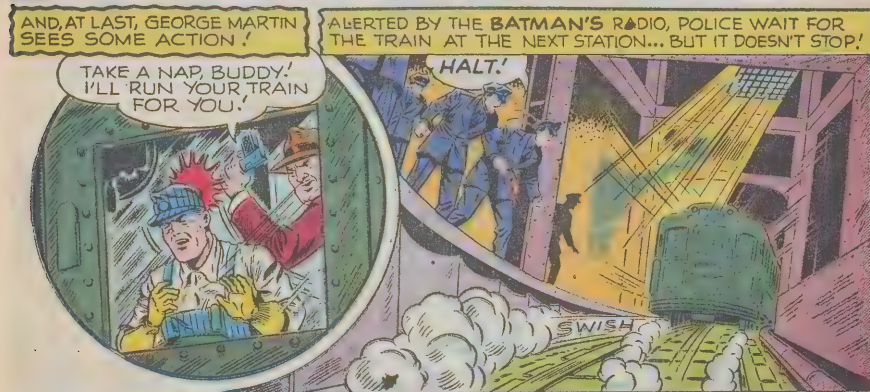
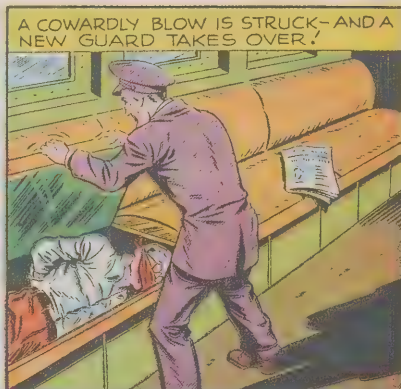
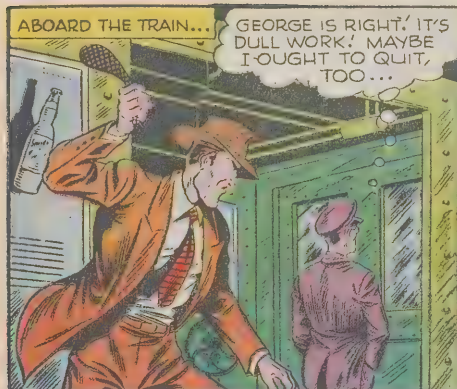


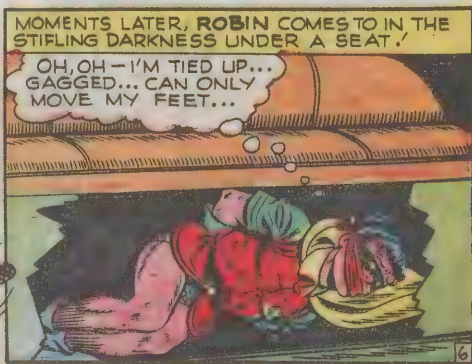
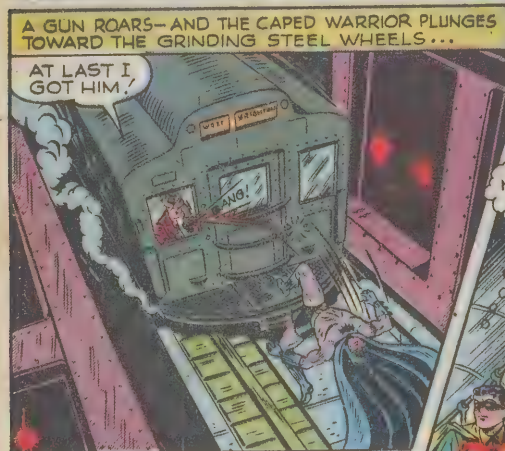
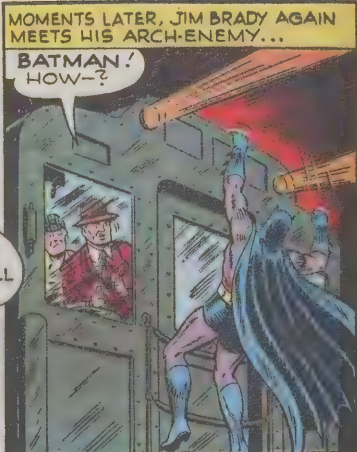
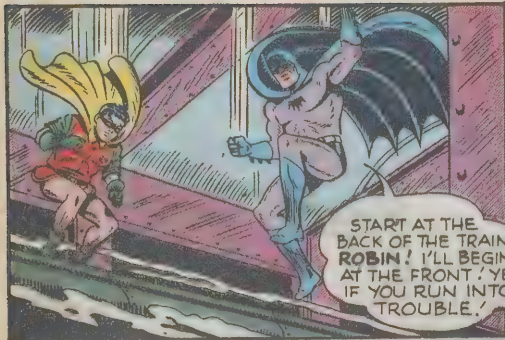
BUT WHEN THE DYNAMIC DUO ENTERS THE SUBWAY...

TOO LATE! THE TRAINS MOVING! AND THEY'RE ABOARD!

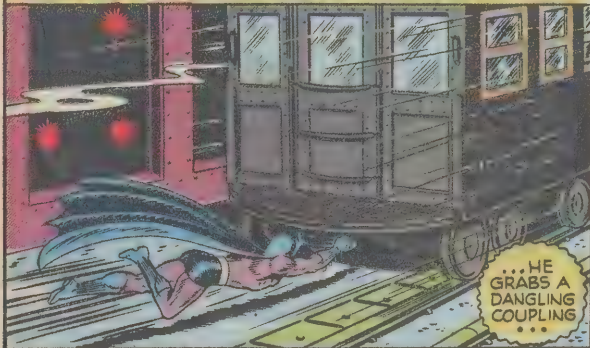
GET THE BATMOBILE! WE'LL RADIO THE POLICE TO BOARD THE TRAIN!







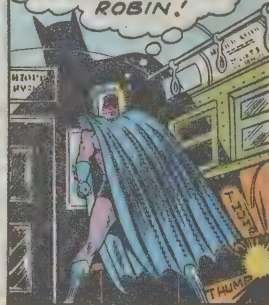
AND WHAT OF BATMAN? HIS SCALP ONLY GRAZED BY THE BULLET, HE MANAGED TO ROLL OUT OF THE PATH OF THE TRAIN... AND AS THE LAST CAR THUNDERS PAST...



...HE GRABS A DANGLING COUPLING

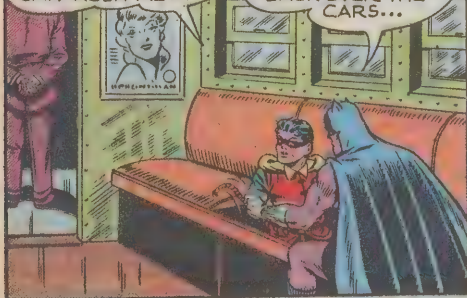
...SECONDS LATER, HE'S ABOARD THE TRAIN AGAIN! THEN...

THAT THUMPING SOUND— IT'S CODE. B-A-T-M— ROBIN!



AL RORICK'S WEARING THE GUARD'S UNIFORM! THE REAL GUARD IS HIDDEN UNDER A SEAT, WE CAN RUSH AL...

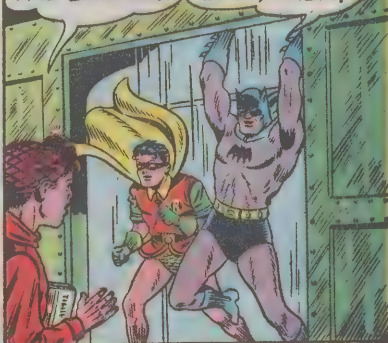
NO! HE'D SHOOT... PASSENGERS MIGHT GET HIT... WE'LL GO OUT THE WINDOW, BACK OVER THE CARS...



MOMENTS LATER, IN ANOTHER CAR...

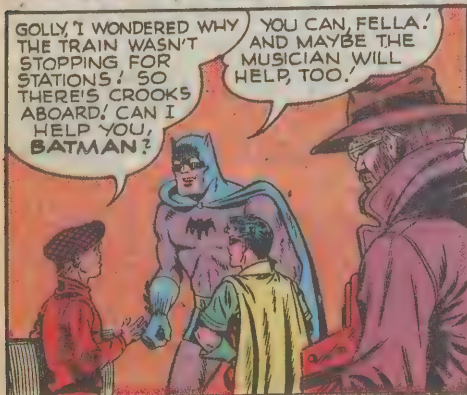
HUH?.. ROBIN— AND BATMAN!

SH-H-H-H! NOT SO LOUD, CHUM!



GOLLY, I WONDERED WHY THE TRAIN WASN'T STOPPING FOR STATIONS! SO THERE'S CROOKS ABOARD! CAN I HELP YOU, BATMAN?

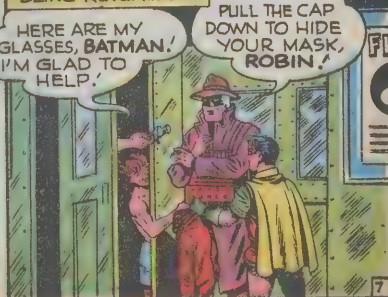
YOU CAN, FELLA! MAYBE THE MUSICIAN WILL HELP, TOO.



AND NOW, A TRICKY BIT OF IMPERSONATION TO PREVENT THEIR IDENTITIES FROM BEING REVEALED...

HERE ARE MY GLASSES, BATMAN! I'M GLAD TO HELP.

PULL THE CAP DOWN TO HIDE YOUR MASK, ROBIN!

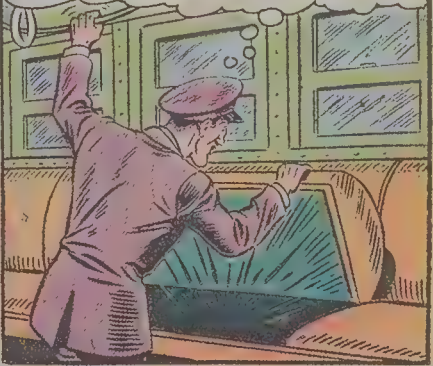


BUT AS THE MASQUERADERS START THROUGH THE CAR...

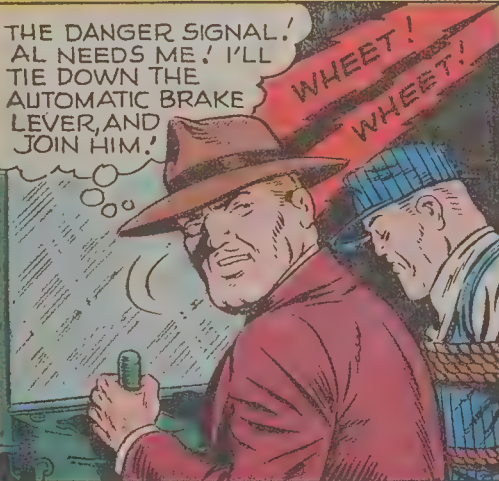


AND AL'S ANXIETY ABOUT HIS PRISONERS INTERFERES WITH BATMAN'S PLAN...

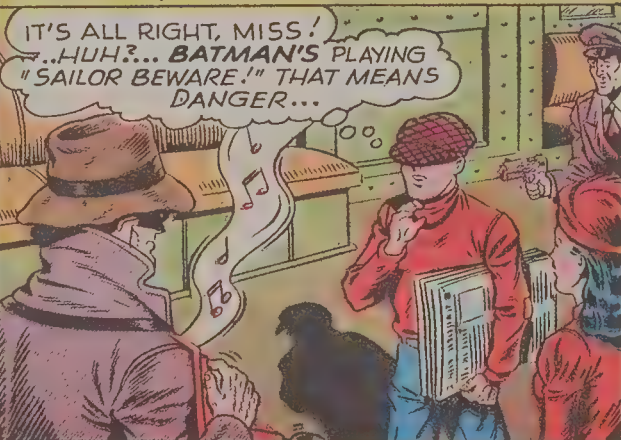
THE GUARD'S STILL OUT, BUT ROBIN'S GONE.' I'LL GIVE JIM OUR TROUBLE SIGNAL...



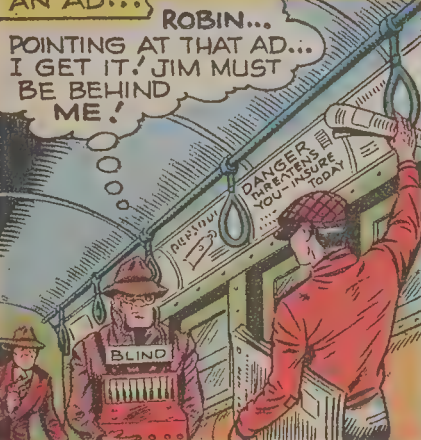
IN THE MOTORMAN'S CABIN...



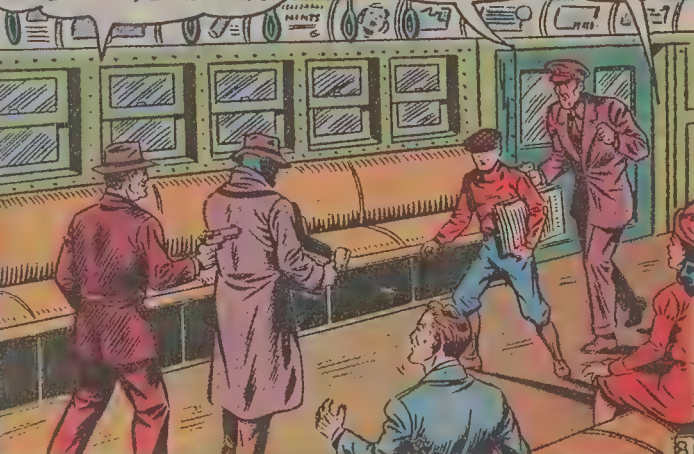
AS ROBIN TRIES TO CALM THE SUSPICIOUS GLENDA, BATMAN SEES DANGER BEHIND HIS YOUNG PAL, AND SENDS A MUSICAL WARNING!

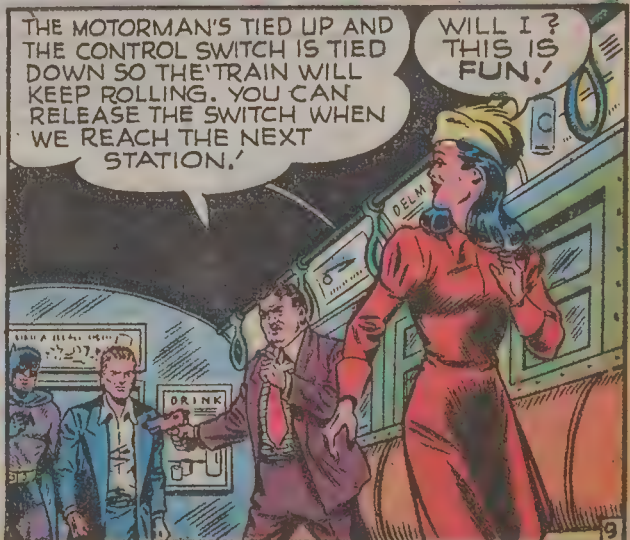
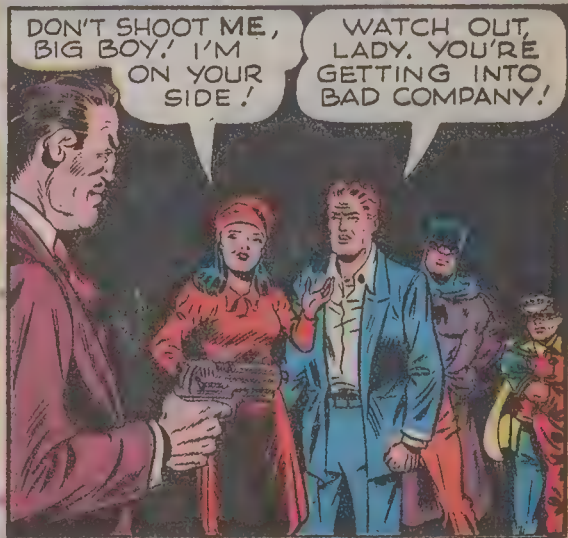
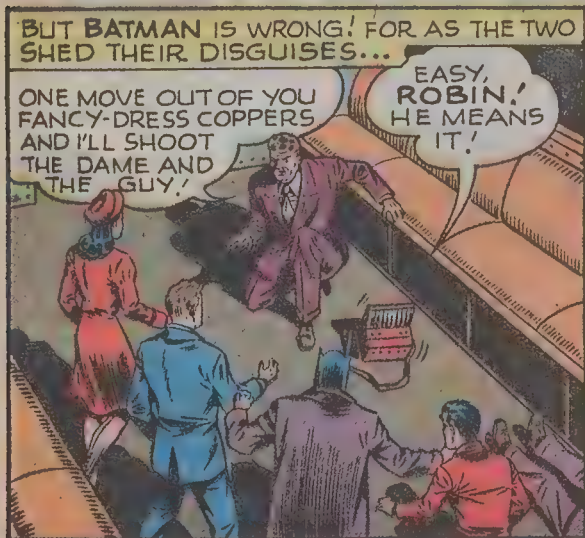


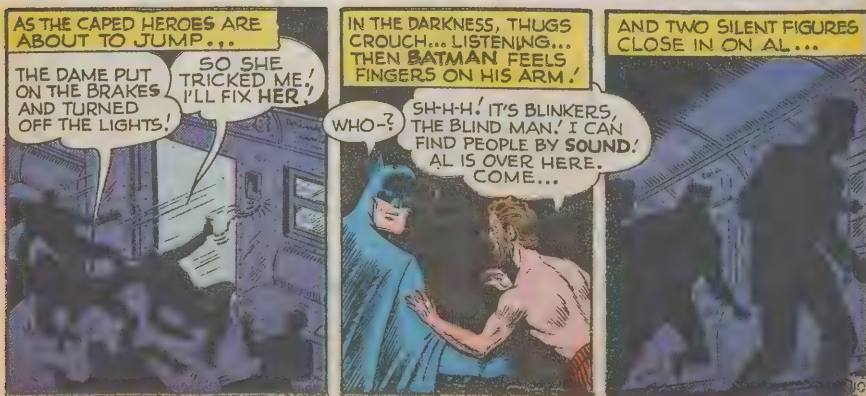
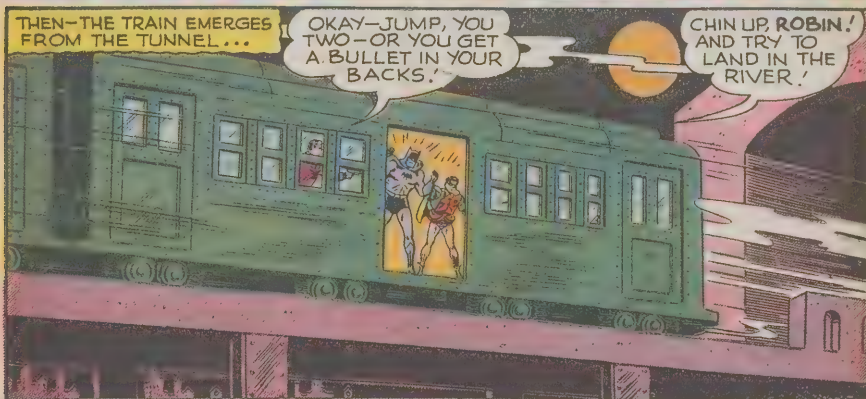
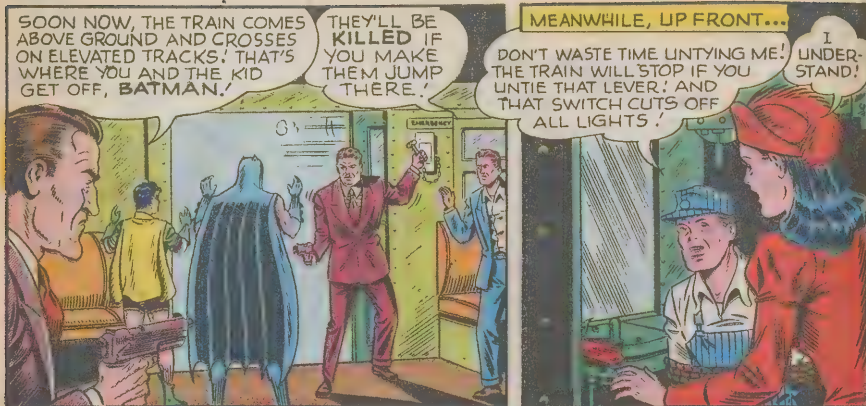
THEN THE BOY WONDER HAS TO WARN BATMAN—AND WITH TYPICAL INGENUITY HE USES AN AD...

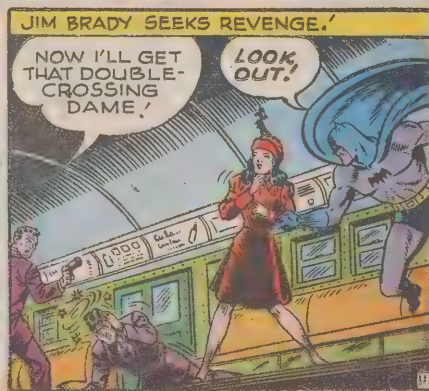
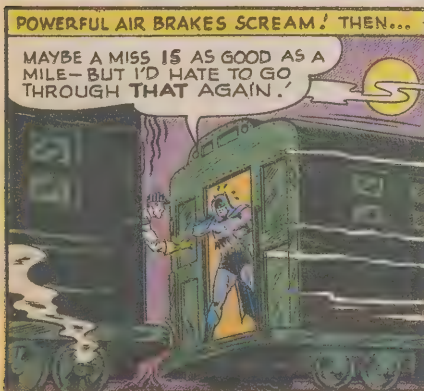
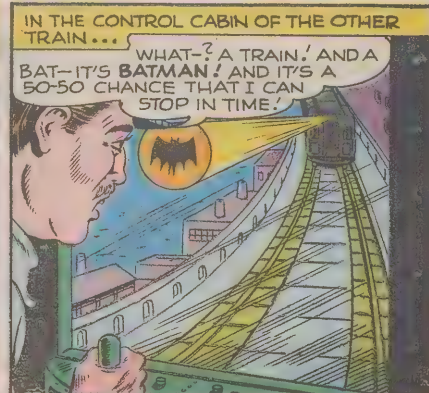
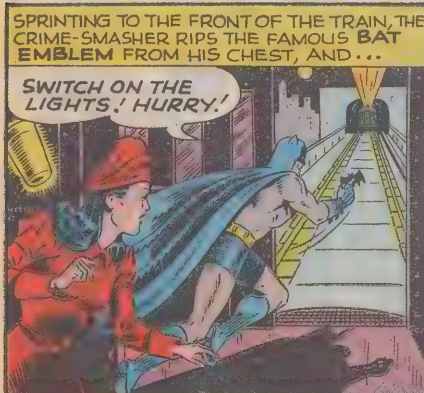
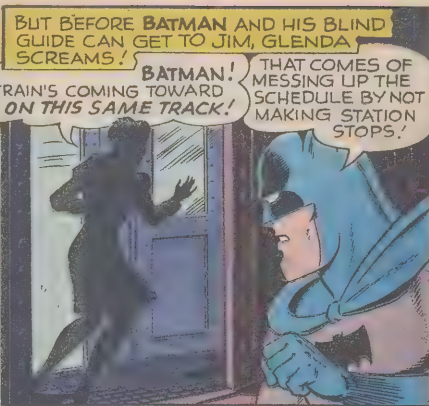
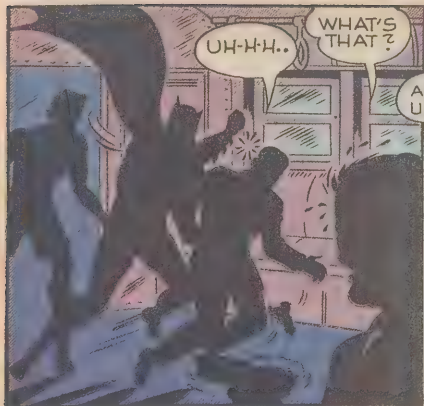


HANDS UP! THAT DISGUISE DOESN'T FOOL ME, BATMAN!





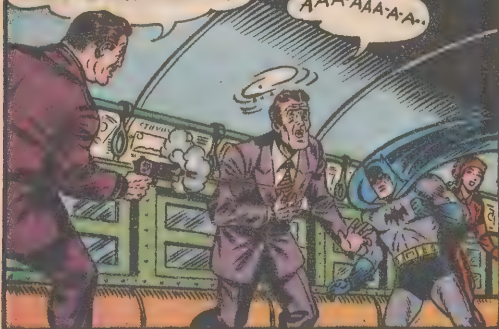




BUT AS BATMAN HURLS HIMSELF IN FRONT OF GLENDA, THE GROGGY AL STAGGERS TO HIS FEET! AND...

TAKE THAT, YOU -
AL! STAY DOWN!

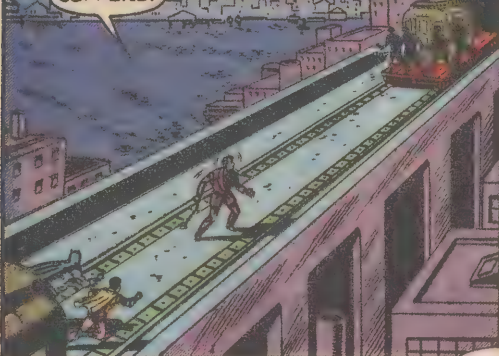
AAA-AAA-A-A...



HURLING HIS EMPTY PISTOL AT BATMAN, JIM FLEES...



AS THE THUG LEAVES THE TRAIN...
COPPERS!



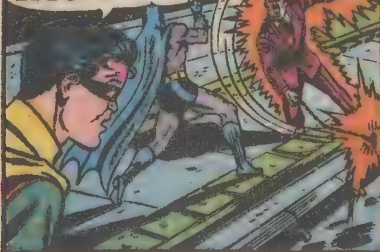
I'LL GET YOU, BATMAN,
BEFORE THE COPS
GET ME!



MINUTES LATER, THE TRAIN REACHES
THE END OF THE LINE...

THE METAL HAMMER HISSES THROUGH
THE AIR... AND FATE PLAYS A GRIM JOKE
ON A VICIOUS KILLER!

THE CHAIN HIT THE THIRD
RAIL! HE'S BEING
ELECTROCUTED!



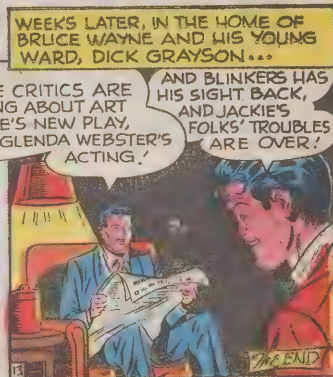
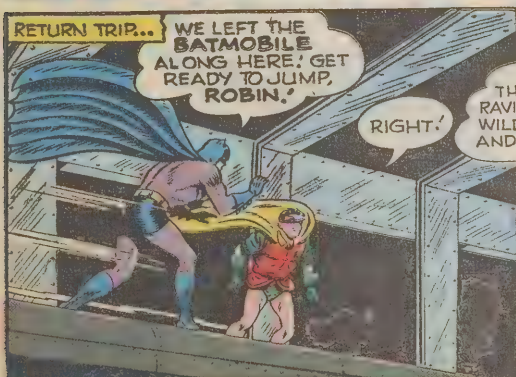
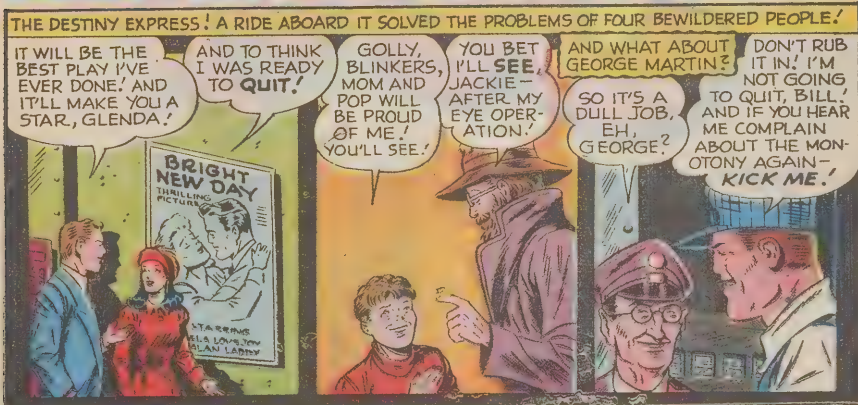
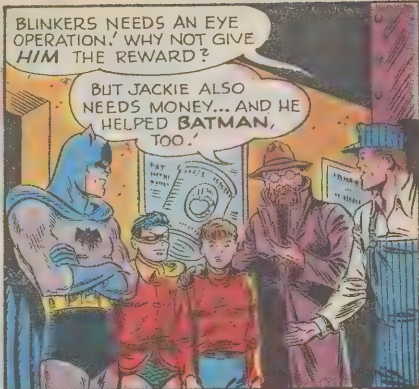
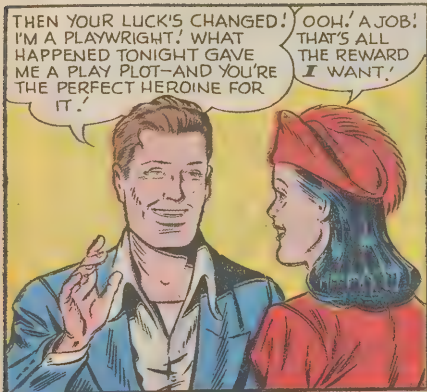
SOMEBODY GETS A REWARD.
ROBIN AND I DON'T TAKE
MONEY FOR OUR WORK- BUT
YOU, YOUNG LADY, DID A
GREAT BIT OF ACTING THAT
SAVED OUR LIVES!

AND FOR WEEKS
I'VE BEEN TRYING
TO GET SHOW
PRODUCERS
TO GIVE ME AN
ACTING JOB!





BATMAN



ROBIN THE BOY WONDER APPEARS IN SMASH SOLO-ACTION EVERY MONTH IN STAR SPANGLED COMICS!

HI, GANG!

RADIO'S FAVORITE
TEEN-AGE GIRL-FRIEND

Now in the
COMICS!

A DATE
WITH

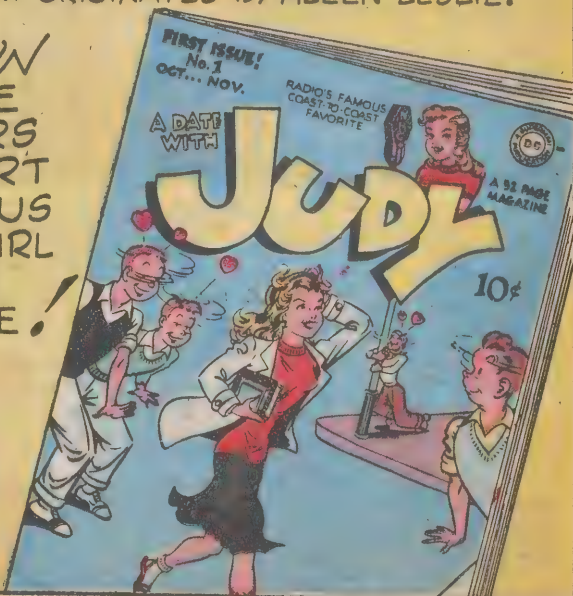
JUDY

BASED ON THE FAMOUS COAST-TO-COAST N.B.C.
RADIO PROGRAM ORIGINATED BY ALEEN LESLIE!

YOUR OWN
FAVORITE
TEENSTERS
IN THE SORT
OF HILARIOUS
BOY-AND-GIRL
STORIES
You LIKE!

10¢

AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS



FAST BALL

By DENNIS OLIVER

THE crowd groaned as Bix Melton ducked the fast ball heaved by Duke Carr. Ann Evans, the Coach's daughter, held her breath. This wasn't the Bix Melton of old, the smash hitter of State U.

There wasn't a sound from the State cheering section. They were watching their idol being made a fool of, they thought.

It was Ann who found her voice first. "Out of the park! Bix!" she cried.

At the plate, Bix's face was white and tense as he waited for the next pitch from a confident Duke Carr.

When it came, he swung wildly. It was a slow ball. The game was over and Lamson U. had won.

Coach Evans watched Bix narrowly. "He still has war nerves," he said. "He'll get back."

Three games later, Evans had to admit he was wrong. Word had gotten around that Bix was afraid to stand up to a fast ball. A .400 hitter before the war, he was batting .250 when Coach Evans called him in.

"I've been watching you, son," he said. "and I figure maybe you'd rather not play this season. Why don't you rest it out?"

Bix flushed. "Thanks, Coach," he said, "but I guess I'm through." His blue eyes were troubled. "I *must* be yellow. Ever since I ducked those fast ones of Duke Carr, I haven't been the same."

"Nonsense!" Coach Evans tried to make his voice cheerful. But he had talked to Doctor Strom, the psychology professor. "War does strange things to men's nerves," Strom had said. "And it's entirely possible, despite the decorations he won for bravery,

that a reaction has set in, and Melton is feeling fear."

Tonight, a week before the next Lamson game, Bix was having dinner with Ann Evans.

"It's no use, Ann," he said miserably. "I'm through in baseball. I may as well admit it—I'm afraid of being hit in the head."

"Look, Bix," Ann said gently, "you've got to relax, forget about baseball for a while. Why don't you do as Dad suggests?"

Bix looked at her. "Did he ask you to persuade me?"

Ann colored. "Well—"

"That's all I want to know," Bix said. "Goodnight, Ann."

Outside, in the summer evening, he felt a chill. This was the first time he had ever walked out on Ann. Tonight they had planned to go to the amusement park at Seaside.

"Ann'll probably call up somebody else to take her," he said bitterly.

How long he walked that evening, he didn't know until he found himself on the boardwalk at Seaside Park. He stopped suddenly as he saw Ann with Wilbur Green, the pitcher for State. So, Ann *had* made another date.

The carnival was alive with excitement and the shouts of barkers.

A small, wiry man with skin like wrinkled leather, grasped Bix's arm.

"You look like an athletic lad," he called out. "Let's see you hit the baseball dodger. C'mon, three throws for only a dime."

Bix shook off the man's arm. He was about to leave when he heard his name called. It was Wilbur Green.

*"Good evening, Ann," Bix said stiffly. "Hiya, Wilbur."

Wilbur grinned, not knowing what had happened between Bix and Ann. "Let's knock this guy's block off, Bix," he said. Without waiting for a reply, Wilbur yelled at the boy whose head was framed in an opening in the canvas. "Duck, buddy, here they come!"

The dodger grinned as the balls whizzed by him.

Bix was staring at the dodger. He flushed as Ann said. "I think Bix is finished with baseball."

"Finished?" Wilbur laughed. He had been in the Army with Bix. "Why, he's a born ballplayer. Over in France he jumped a machine-gun nest, and you shoulda seen that grenade graze his—"

"Cut it, Wilbur!" Bix's face was white. "You hear me? Cut it out!" Fists clenched, he walked away.

Ann stared after him. "I've never seen him act like that."

"It's my fault, Ann. I promised I'd never tell. I know why he's scared of fast balls. He was almost killed when a thrown grenade grazed his head." He grabbed Ann's hand. "But you've got to keep it quiet, understand?"

Ann's voice was soft. "I understand."

Two days later everyone in school knew that Bix had disappeared.

But by the end of the week it was all over the campus that Bix Melton had taken a run-out powder. "Too yellow to face it," Coach Evans said bitterly. "That's what they're saying, Ann, and you'll have to face it too, and forget him. He shrugged. "I never figured Bix like that, but I guess war changes some of 'em. I'll put Drew in Melton's position. He's a weak hitter, but a good fielder."

He didn't tell his daughter what was worrying him most. A larger university was watching the State team. There was a good chance of Coach Evans getting a better job. It all depended on State's showing.

Evans sat in the dugout watching his team trying to reach Duke Carr's curves. But as the ninth came up, he was ready to concede defeat.

"You've got to let me pinch hit, Coach," a voice said.

Evans leaped up when he saw Bix Melton. "Where've you been?" he growled—Then he looked into Melton's eyes and was silent.

In the stands, Ann held her breath. She moved over as a wiry little man brushed past her. "Sorry, lady, but I gotta see this," he said.

On the mound, Duke Carr grinned. All eyes were on Bix as he stood at the plate. Shorty Kessler took a lead off first. Carr snapped the ball to the first sacker, almost catching him.

Then he turned his attention to Bix. The pellet left his hand, sizzled toward Bix's head. Ann shut her eyes.

A roar went up from the crowd. Bix was still standing there. The ball had whizzed by, made a perfect strike.

"Maybe he'd like to be dusted a little closer," Duke said to himself. He sent another over. Bix stood firm.

"Strike two!"

Coach Evan's face was wet with perspiration. "Hit it, Bix, hit it!"

Rattled by now, Duke Carr let go his Sunday ball. It had plenty on it, but so did Bix's bat. The ball sailed into the stands, and the crowd went wild.

"What a guy, what a guy!" cried the wiry little man sitting next to Ann. "I told him he could do it. Why, when he came to me last week, I thought he was crazy!"

Ann's eyes were wide. "Why, you're the barker at the amusement park, aren't you?"

"That's right, lady," he said. "And that's some boy the crowd's carrying on it's shoulders. He worked as my baseball dodger for the past week, just to get over his fear of balls being thrown at his head. What a champ!"

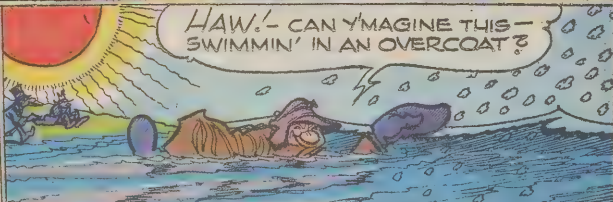
PROF. DIPP

THE PLANET VENUS WILL SOON MERGE WITH AQUARIUS, LIBRA AND SAGITTARIUS— THIS VIGOROUS GROUPING OF SOME OF OUR MOST VOLATILE ASTRAL BODIES TRULY MEANS THAT THERE'LL BE PLENTY COOKING IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE — YOWZAH!

ASTROLOGER DELUXE, AND RACONTEUR OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, WHO HEREWITH SETS DOWN A FEW OF HIS PERSONAL PREDICTIONS OF THINGS TO COME.

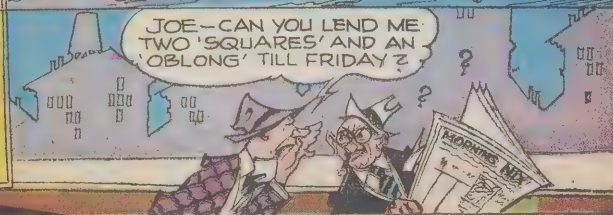


AT A VERY EARLY DATE, BE PREPARED TO EXPECT A VAST CHANGE IN CLIMATE. A BRAND-NEW SEASON WILL SOON BE ADDED TO THE PRESENT ESTABLISHED FOUR — IT WILL BE OFFICIALLY NAMED 'WINT-MER' 50-50 — WINTER AND SUMMER.



HAW! — CAN Y'MAGINE THIS — SWIMMIN' IN AN OVERCOAT?

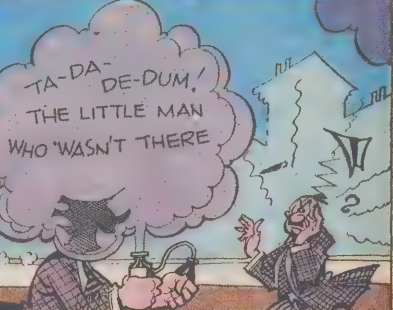
AND SQUARE' MONEY IS MORE THAN LIKELY TO SOON COME INTO COMMON USE, AS A MEANS OF PREVENTING THE ANNUAL LOSS OF SOME \$2,495,673,815.05 DOWN SIDEWALK GRATINGS AND SUCH...



JOE — CAN YOU LEND ME TWO 'SQUARES' AND AN 'OBLONG' TILL FRIDAY?

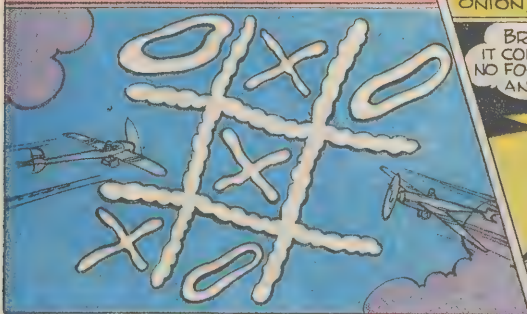
A NEW COSMETIC, (FOR EVENING WEAR) SOON TO BE PLACED ON THE MARKET, WILL CONTAIN SUCH AN AMPLE SUPPLY OF LUMINOUS PHOSPHORUS THAT IT WILL ABSOLUTELY BEDAZZLE THE DIZZY BEJABBERS OUT OF ALL ONLOOKERS.

AND DON'T BE SURPRISED, IF, IN THE NEAR FUTURE A NEW CREDITOR-DODGING FOG, IN HANDY BOTTLES BECOMES AN OVERNIGHT BEST SELLER.



AND A NEW CRAZE SOON TO TAKE HOLD IN OUR SPORTING SOCIAL SET WILL BE CALLED 'AERIAL TIC-TAC-TOE' - PLAYED IN THE CLOUDS BY HIGH-FLYING SKYWRITING PLANES!

A STARTLING DISCOVERY WILL ALSO BE MADE IN THE VEGETABLE WORLD-A NEW NUMBER TO BE CALLED THE 'BROCCATOMOCCA'-A GRAFTED COMBINATION OF LETTUCE, PARSLEY, TOMATO, ONION, BROCCOLI AND LEEKS...

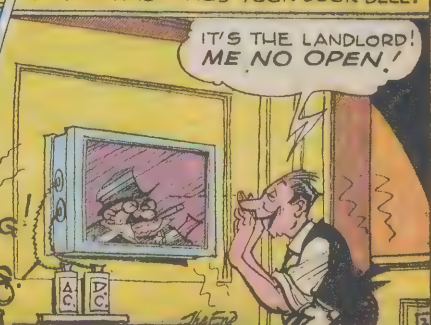
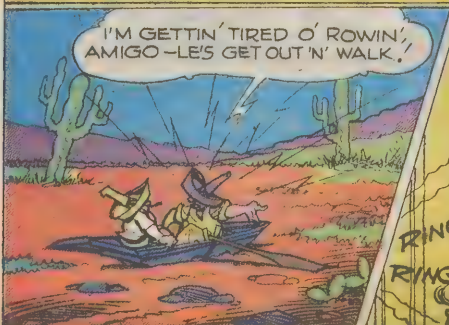


BROCCATOMOCCA, SIR!
IT CONTAINS NO VITAMINS, NO MINERALS-
NO FOOD VALUE, IN FACT-**NOTHING**-
AND **NOBODY** LIKES IT!!



DUE TO A SUBTERRANEAN VOLCANIC UPRHEAVAL OF GREAT MAGNITUDE, YOU MAY EXPECT TO SEE THE GULF OF MEXICO BECOME A SUN-BAKED DESERT ANY DAY NOW!

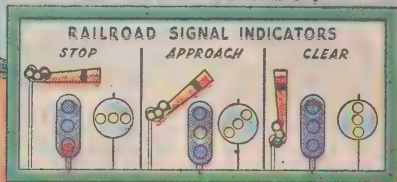
AND A NEW MIDGET TELEVISION SET (EASILY ATTACHED TO THE INSIDE OF YOUR FRONT DOOR) WILL INSTANTLY FLASH A CLOSE-UP PHOTO OF ANYONE WHO RINGS YOUR DOOR-BELL.



TO GET THERE FIRST:

CRACK ENGINEERS

FOLLOW THE RULES
OF THE RAILS!



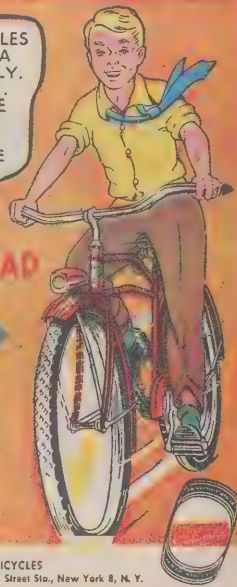
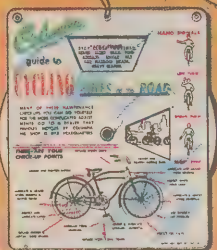
THOMAS L. PERKINS
CRACK ENGINEER OF THE "20TH CENTURY LTD." SAYS:

YOU HAVE TO KNOW THE TRAFFIC RULES OF THE RAILS THOROUGHLY TO HANDLE A CRACK TRAIN EXPERTLY AND EFFICIENTLY. THAT GOES FOR HANDLING A BICYCLE, TOO. THE MAKERS OF **COLUMBIA** BICYCLES HAVE MADE IT EASY FOR YOU TO LEARN THESE RULES WITH THEIR **GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD**. SO, BOYS AND GIRLS, WHETHER YOU OWN A BIKE NOW OR HOPE TO OWN ONE SOON - TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER TO HELP YOU QUALIFY AS A CRACK BIKE ENGINEER.

GET
YOUR

COLUMBIA CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD

It's YOURS! the "rotating-dial" GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD. It enables you to qualify as a cycling expert. 16 rules of the road are illustrated and show up with a flick of your finger. Also traffic and hand signals; bicycle check-chart for maintenance. Send only 10¢ IN COIN to cover cost of handling. Whether you own a bicycle or plan to buy one, get this Guide NOW.



COLUMBIA BICYCLES
Box 26, Church Street Sta., New York 8, N. Y.

Here is 10¢ in coin for my "rotating dial" GUIDE TO CYCLING RULES OF THE ROAD

Name

Street

City State

Columbia

SINCE 1877

AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE

The Westfield Manufacturing Company, Westfield, Mass.



BATMAN



BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-



By QUICK THINKING, SWIFT ACTION AND SCIENTIFIC SKILL, BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE THWARTED THE CLEVEREST CRIMINALS OF THE MODERN WORLD! BUT COULD EVEN THE DYNAMIC DUO WIN OUT AGAINST THE MOST INFAMOUS AND DEADLIEST CRIMINALS OF PAST HISTORY? THE ANSWER UNFOLDS WHEN A QUARTET OF VILLAINS RIDES FROM YESTERDAY INTO TODAY—AND BATMAN AND ROBIN CONFRONT JESSE JAMES, CAPTAIN KIDD, JOHN DILLINGER AND GENGHIS KHAN IN A TITANIC STRUGGLE AGAINST—**"THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF CRIME!"**

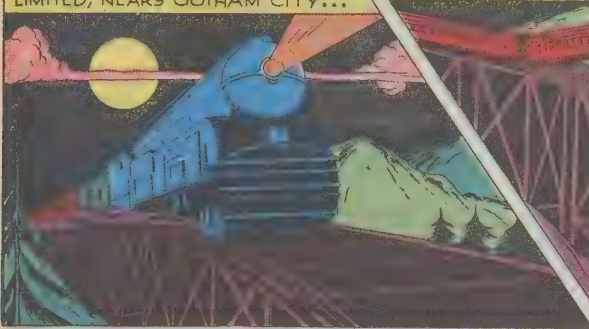


BATMAN



AS THE OVERLAND SPECIAL, CRACK LIMITED, NEARS GOTHAM CITY...

... A CUNNINGLY TWISTED RAIL BRINGS DISASTER!



WE'RE FALLING!
WE'RE DERAILED!

BEFORE STUNNED TRAINMEN AND PASSENGERS CAN RECOVER...



I'LL TAKE THAT MINT GOLD SHIPMENT!

YOU... YOU DERAILED THE TRAIN TO STAGE THIS ROBBERY!

I'VE SEEN YOUR FACE BEFORE—IN SOME HISTORY BOOK...



YES, I HAVE COME BACK FROM HISTORY—MY NAME IS JESSE JAMES!

IT WAS THE BANDIT, JESSE JAMES! I RECOGNIZED HIM FROM OLD PICTURES!

IMPOSSIBLE! JESSE JAMES DIED NEARLY A CENTURY AGO!



OUTSIDE GOTHAM CITY...

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A
TRAIN ROBBER WHO SAYS
HE'S JESSE JAMES. SAY,
YOUR FACE IS FAMILIAR—

YES,
I'VE
COME
BACK,
TOO!

AND MY NAME IS
JOHN DILLINGER!

DILLINGER!



AND IN A CITY PARK...

THAT ARROW WILL TEACH YOU
NOT TO STOP THE GREAT
GENGHIS KHAN.

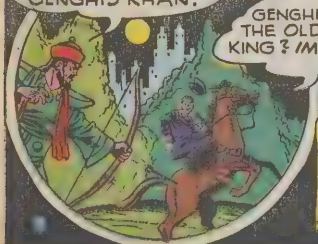
GENGHIS KHAN,
THE OLD ROBBER
KING? IMPOSSIBLE!

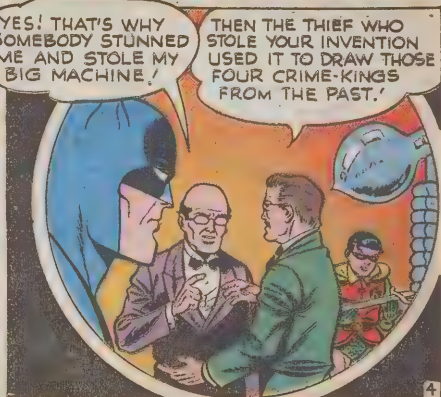
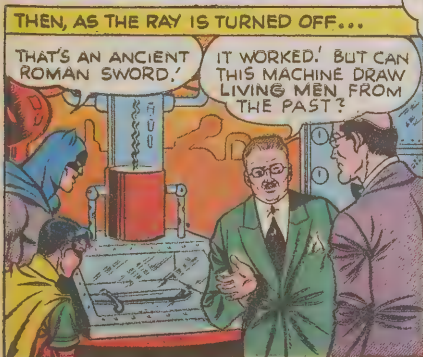
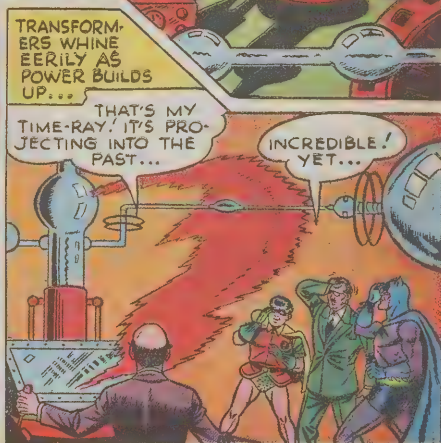
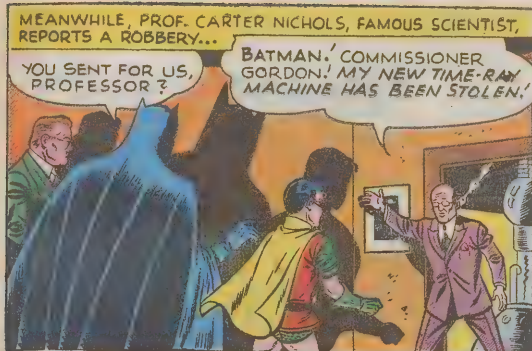
AND ON A BUSY PIER...

AN OLD-TIME PIRATE!
I MUST BE DREAMING!

YOU'RE NOT
DREAMING!
I'M CAPTAIN
KIDD— IN
PERSON.

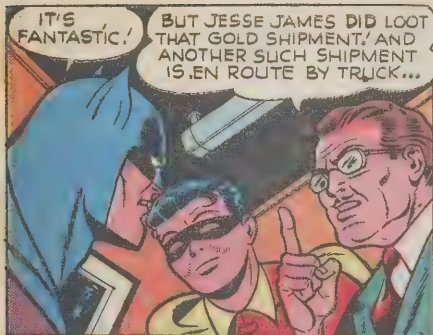
GOOTHAM CITY IS IN AN
UPROAR AS THE FOUR
HORSEMEN OF CRIME—THE
BLACKEST VILLAINS OF
HISTORY— RIDE AGAIN!





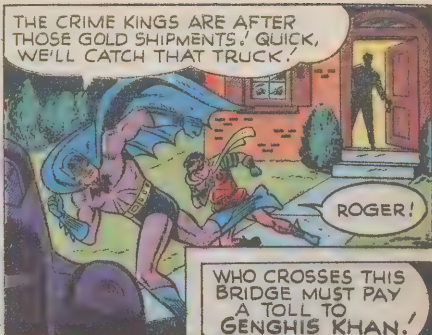


BATMAN



IT'S FANTASTIC!

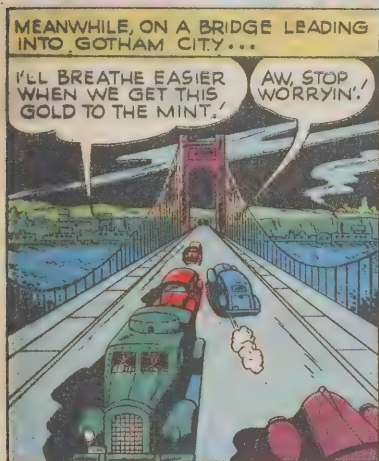
BUT JESSE JAMES DID LOOT THAT GOLD SHIPMENT, AND ANOTHER SUCH SHIPMENT IS EN ROUTE BY TRUCK...



THE CRIME KINGS ARE AFTER THOSE GOLD SHIPMENTS. QUICK, WE'LL CATCH THAT TRUCK.

ROGER!

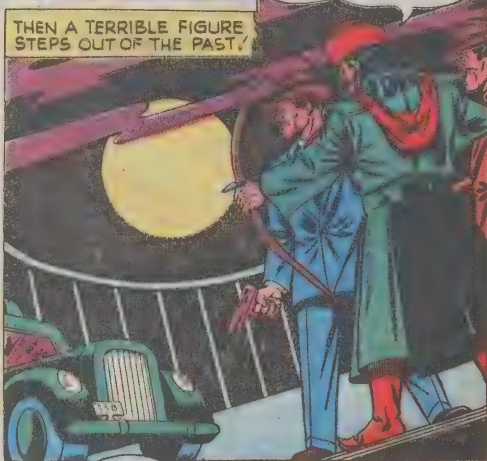
WHO CROSSES THIS BRIDGE MUST PAY A TOLL TO GENGHIS KHAN!



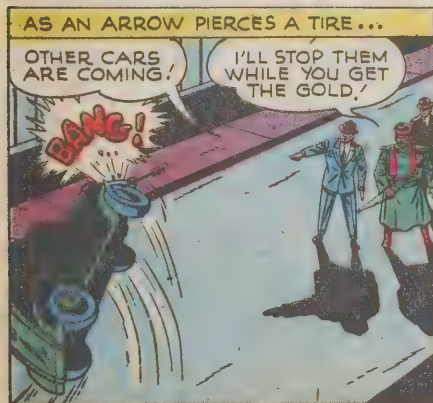
MEANWHILE, ON A BRIDGE LEADING INTO GOTHAM CITY...

I'LL BREATHE EASIER WHEN WE GET THIS GOLD TO THE MINT!

AW, STOP WORRYIN'!



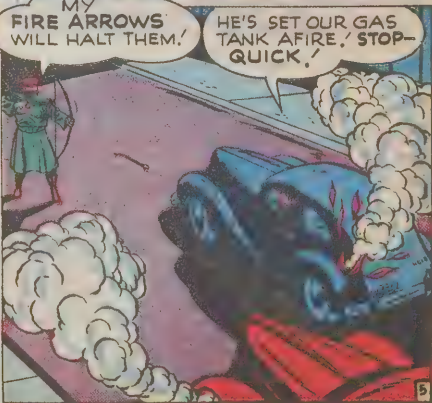
THEN A TERRIBLE FIGURE STEPS OUT OF THE PAST!



AS AN ARROW PIERCES A TIRE...

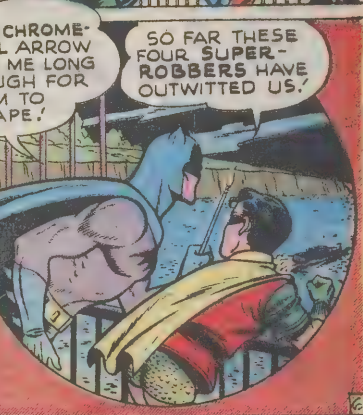
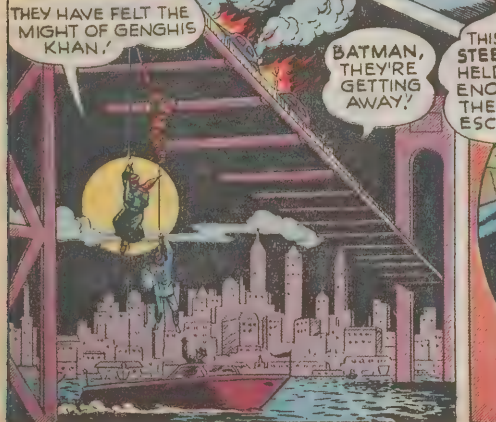
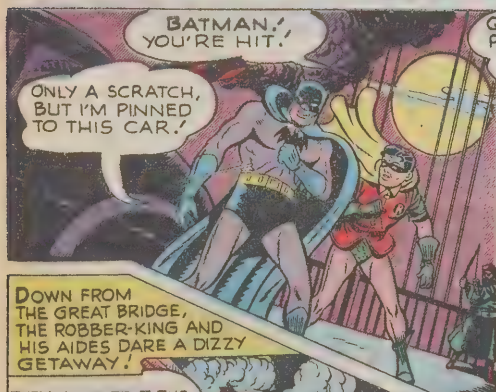
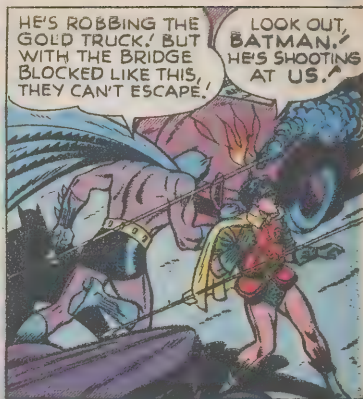
OTHER CARS ARE COMING!

I'LL STOP THEM WHILE YOU GET THE GOLD!

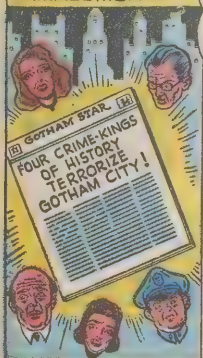


MY FIRE ARROWS WILL HALT THEM!

HE'S SET OUR GAS TANK AFIRE. STOP-QUICK!



LATER, A GREAT CITY IS STUNNED WITH TERROR AND AMAZEMENT.



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

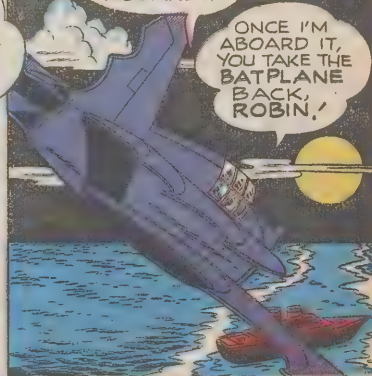
THE CRIME-KINGS WILL TRY FOR THE MINT GOLD SHIPMENT THAT ARRIVES BY LINER TODAY!

THEN WE STILL HAVE A CHANCE TO REDEEM OURSELVES! THIS TIME WE'LL GET THEM!



THAT'S THE ARCANIA, THE LINER WITH THE GOLD ABOARD!

ONCE I'M ABOARD IT, YOU TAKE THE BATPLANE BACK, ROBIN!



AS THE BATPLANE HOVERS ON GYRO-STABILIZERS...



GLAD TO HAVE YOU ABOARD, BATMAN! WE'VE HEARD BY RADIO ABOUT THE GOLD SHIPMENT RAIDS!

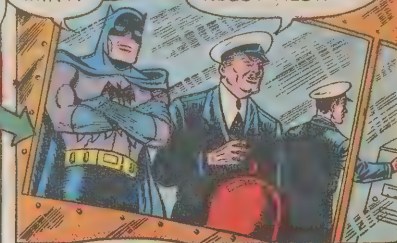
THAT'S WHY I CAME TO MEET YOU!



LATER, NEARING GOTHAM CITY HARBOR...

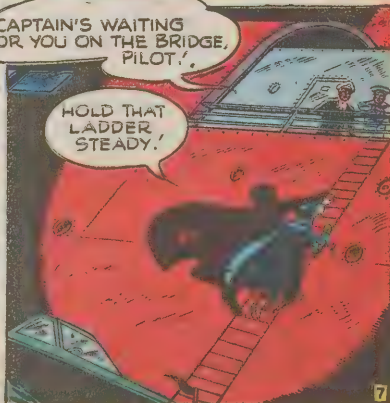
I WON'T FEEL SAFE TILL THIS GOLD'S IN THE MINT!

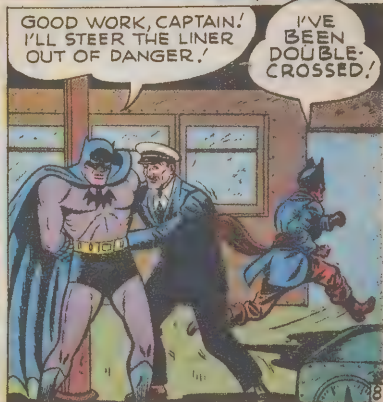
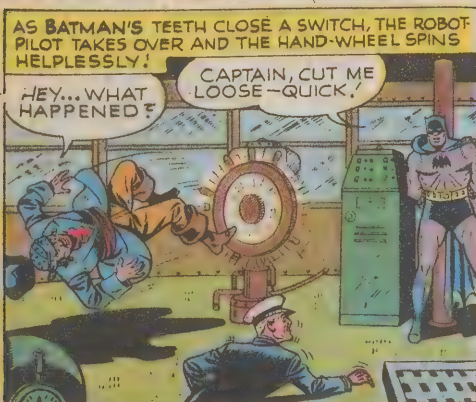
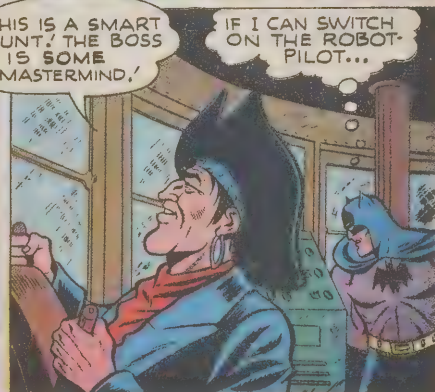
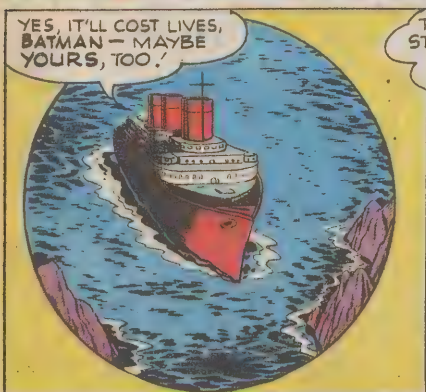
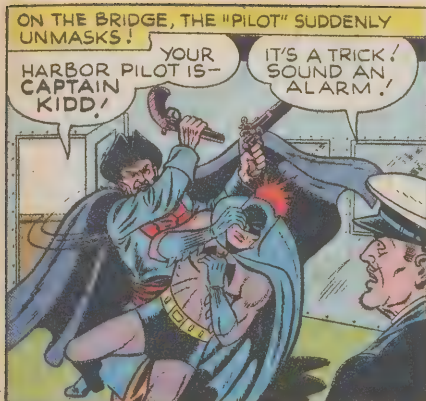
THERE COMES OUR HARBOR PILOT! HELMSMAN, SWITCH OFF THE ROBOT PILOT!

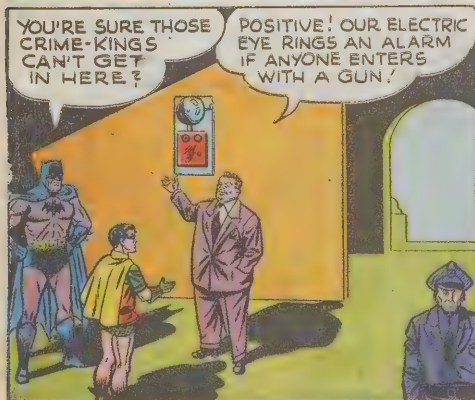
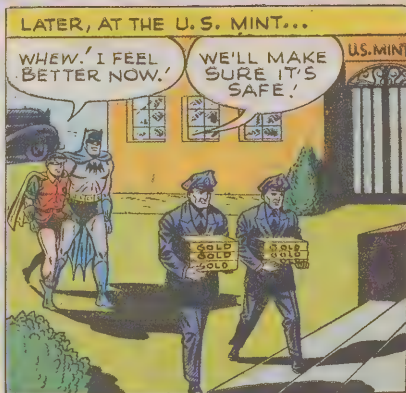
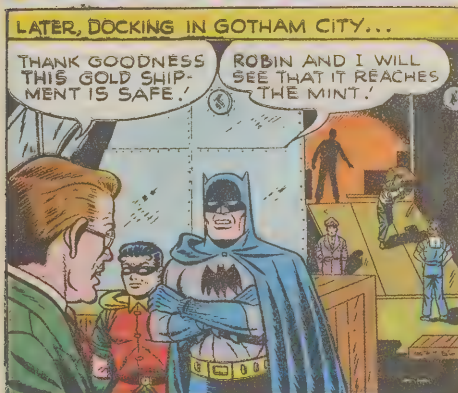
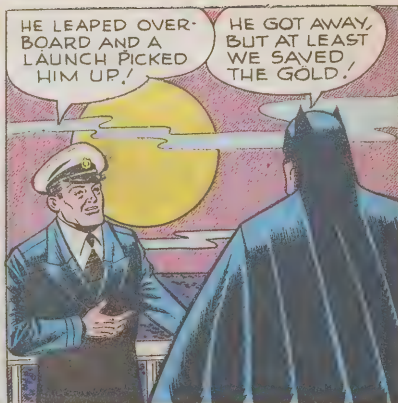
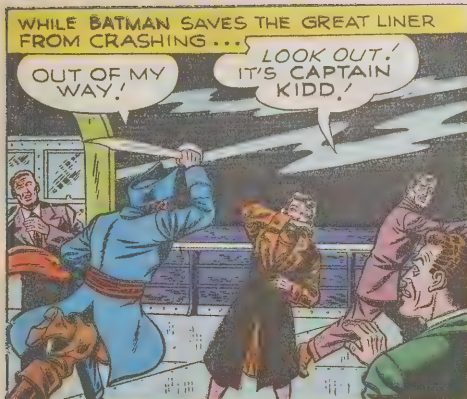


CAPTAIN'S WAITING FOR YOU ON THE BRIDGE, PILOT!

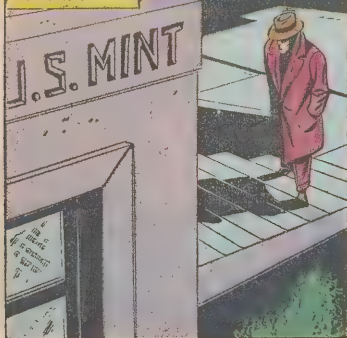
HOLD THAT LADDER, STEADY!







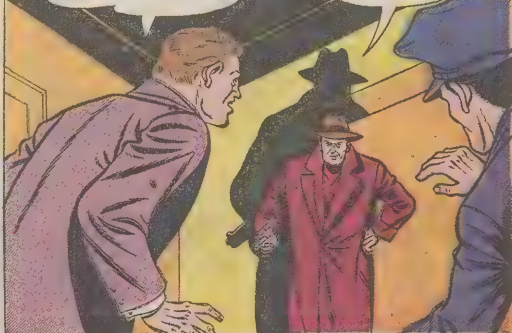
AS THE BATMOBILE ROLLS AWAY, A SINISTER FIGURE SLIPS INTO THE MINT.



AND THE FIGURE IS...

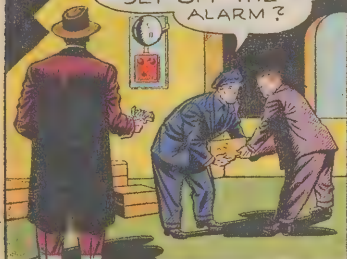
DILLINGER!

SO YOU REMEMBER ME!



GET THOSE GOLD BOXES OUT TO THE CAR WHERE MY FALS ARE WAITING!

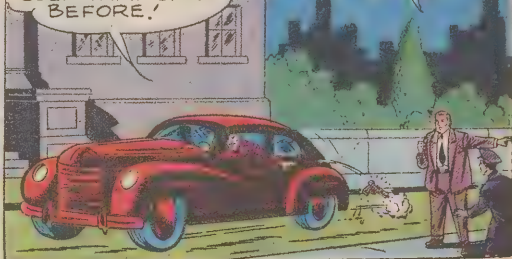
HOW COME THAT GUN DOESN'T SET OFF THE ALARM?



SWIFTLY, THE GOLD IS LOADED INTO A WAITING CAR! THEN...

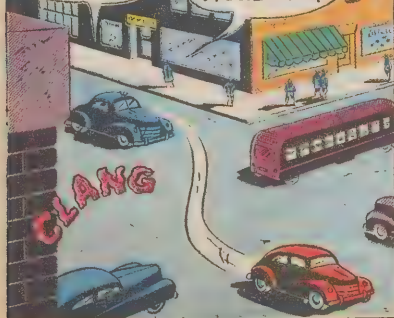
MY GUN DIDN'T RING YOUR ALARM BECAUSE IT'S A WOODEN PISTOL! REMEMBER—I USED THAT GAG BEFORE!

QUICK, RING THE ALARM!



THAT'S THE MINT'S BURGLAR ALARM!

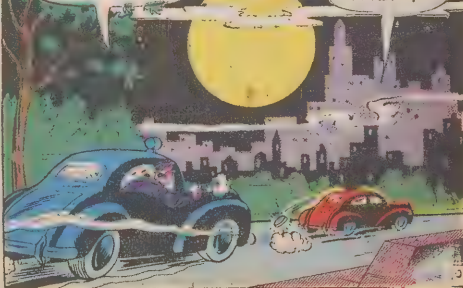
AND THERE'S A CAR SPEEDING AWAY! IT'S A HOLD-UP!

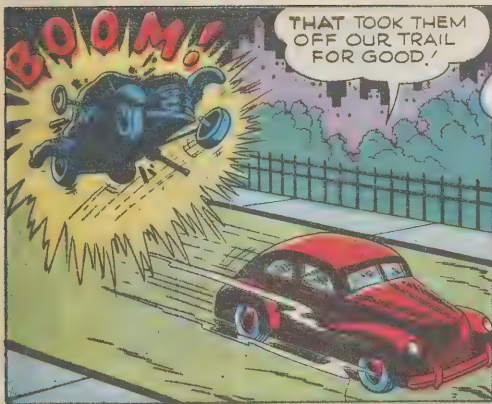


BULLETS WHINE AS THE LAW PURSUES ONE OF THE MOST VICIOUS BANDITS OF THE PAST.

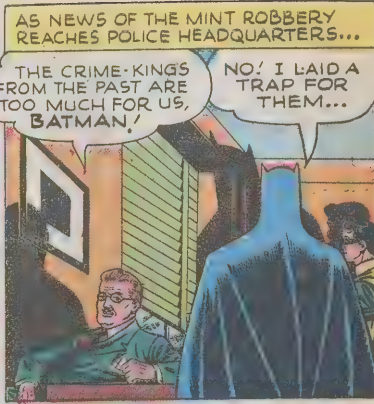
IT'S DILLINGER!

THIS ARMY LAND-MINE WILL STOP THEM!





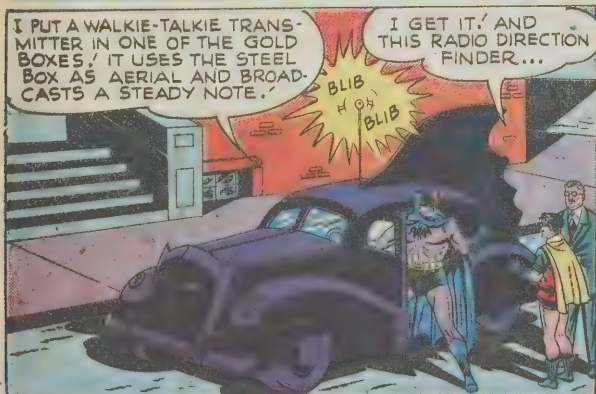
THAT TOOK THEM
OFF OUR TRAIL
FOR GOOD!



AS NEWS OF THE MINT ROBBERY
REACHES POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

THE CRIME-KINGS
FROM THE PAST ARE
TOO MUCH FOR US,
BATMAN!

NO! I LAID A
TRAP FOR
THEM...



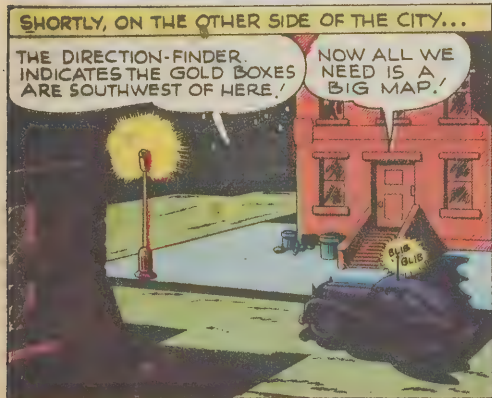
I PUT A WALKIE-TALKIE TRANS-
MITTER IN ONE OF THE GOLD
BOXES. IT USES THE STEEL
BOX AS AERIAL AND BROAD-
CASTS A STEADY NOTE.

I GET IT, AND
THIS RADIO DIRECTION
FINDER...

BLIB
HOB
BLIB



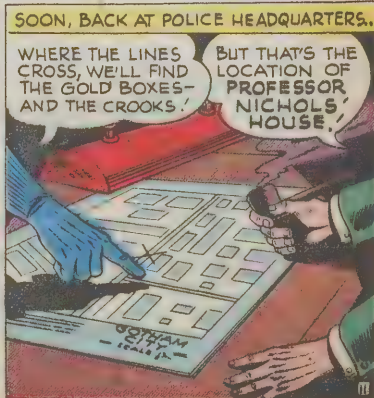
... WILL LEAD US
TO THEM. COME
ON...



SHORTLY, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY...

THE DIRECTION-FINDER
INDICATES THE GOLD BOXES
ARE SOUTHWEST OF HERE!

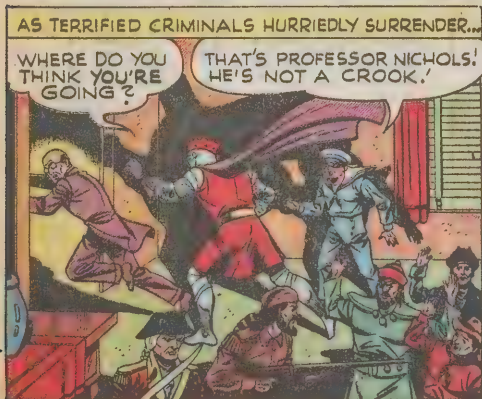
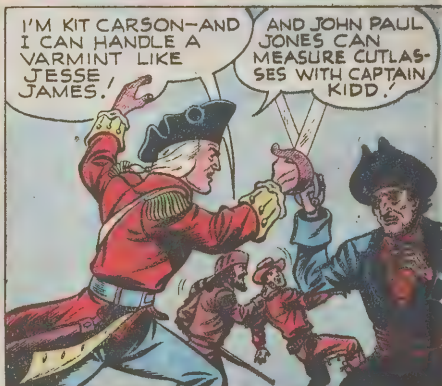
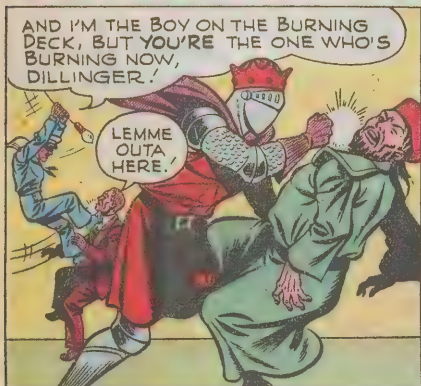
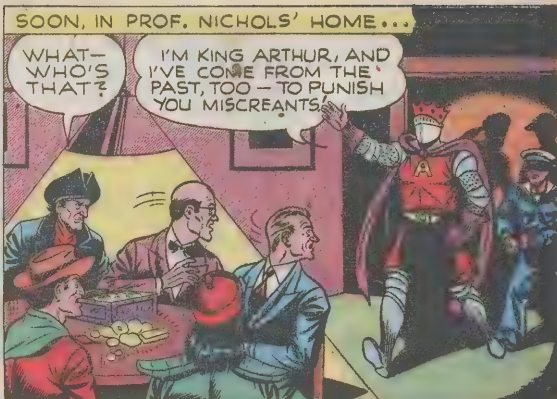
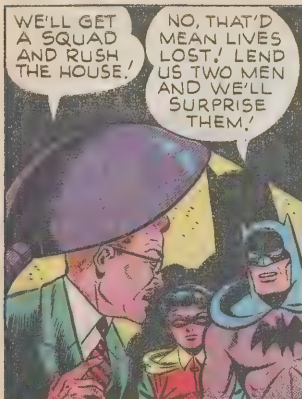
NOW ALL WE
NEED IS A
BIG MAP!



SOON, BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

WHERE THE LINES
CROSS, WE'LL FIND
THE GOLD BOXES-
AND THE CROOKS!

BUT THAT'S THE
LOCATION OF
PROFESSOR
NICHOLS'
HOUSE!



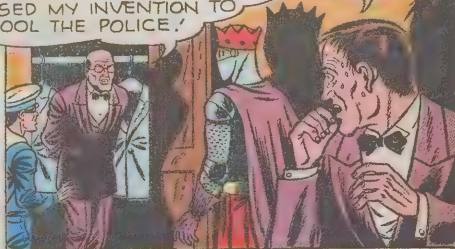


GENGHIS USED MODERN STEEL ARROWS, KIDD TALKED MODERN SLANG, DILLINGER USED A MODERN LAND-MINE, PROVING THEY'RE FAKES!

A QUICK SEARCH OF THE HOUSE DISCLOSES...

THE BOSS OF THIS MOB—MARTIN BAIN—STUNNED ME, THEN DISGUISED AS ME, HE USED MY INVENTION TO FOOL THE POLICE!

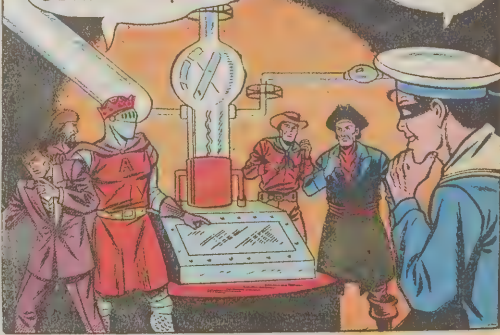
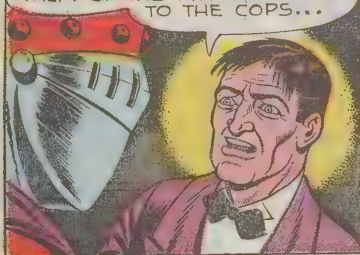
I'LL CONFESS!



BUT YOU COULDN'T OPERATE THE 'TIME-MACHINE', SO YOU FAKED IT—THE ROMAN SWORD POPPED UP FROM A FAKE BOTTOM AS THE LIGHT BLINDED US!

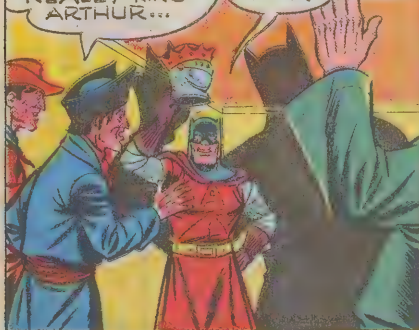
THE FAKE FAILED, THANKS TO YOU, BATMAN!

WE USED THE CROOKS-OUT-OF-THE-PAST GAG TO FOOL THE POLICE... AS NICHOLS, I REPORTED THE THEFT OF THE "TIME-MACHINE" TO THE COPS...



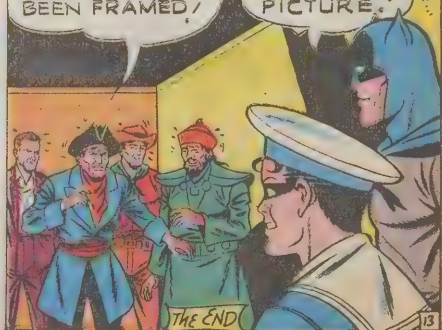
BATMAN, THEN YOU'RE NOT REALLY KING ARTHUR...

NO MORE THAN YOU'RE CAPTAIN KIDD!



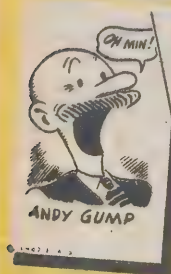
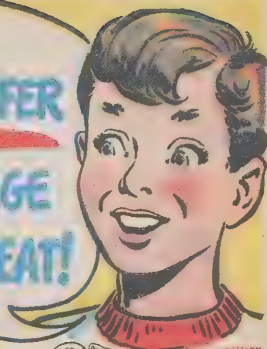
THEY USED OUR OWN STUNT TO TRAP US, WE'VE BEEN FRAMED!

AND DON'T YOU MAKE A PRETTY PICTURE!



THE END

LOOK! A COMIC TRANSFER
 LIKE THESE IN EVERY PACKAGE
 OF **KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT!**



**MOM CAN PRESS THEM
 ON WITH A HOT IRON!**

Genuine hot-iron transfer pictures in color! Famous comic strip people! Slick for your sweat shirt, jacket, T-shirt—for all sports' clothes! Tell Mom—KELLOGG's Shredded Wheat gives you a comic transfer as a PRIZE in every package!

* These prizes are enclosed only in packages of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat sold in the United States.

**REAL FUNNYPAPER FOLKS
 FOR YOUR SHIRTS, HANKIES
 AND BANDANNAS!**



Pst! Mom!
 For a bright start
 at breakfast—
this is it!



**NEW PLASTIC PENCIL BOX
WITH YOUR OWN NAME**



A PLASTIC PISTOL PENCIL CASE AND 9 DIFFERENT ITEMS! The pencil case for real he-men! Shaped like a real gun, packed with 3 pencils, 5 crayons, and a big eraser. Your name printed right on the gun at no extra cost!



**A REAL PLASTIC POCKETBOOK
PENCIL CASE AND 9 DIFFERENT
ITEMS!** Girls—here's a real plastic
pocketbook, keep all your things
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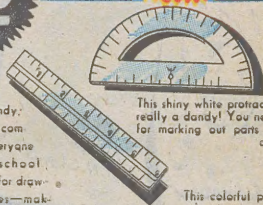
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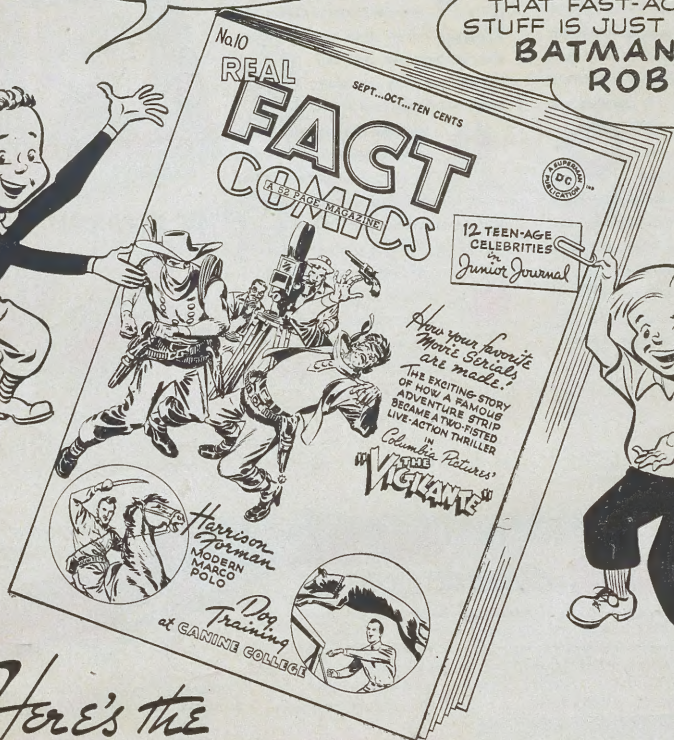
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